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GRESHAM FIRES BACK.

EFFECT OF THE WINDAGE ON THE JINGOES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY.

THE 1st of April, 1895, will long be remembered in Germany as a day of great historic interest. The banners flung to the breeze, the fires burning on the mountain-tops, the public parades and torch-light processions crowding the streets in every town of the father-land, the solemn dinners and festive meetings, not only in Germany, but in all countries where Germans dwell, resounding with eloquent panegyrics, the countless delegations from cities and towns and universities and commercial bodies and peasant communities jostling each other on the railway trains hurrying to Friedrichsruh, and the mails from every part of the globe overloaded with messages of congratulation—all in honor of Prince BISMARCK'S eightieth birthday—have, no doubt, in great part, a personal significance. The German people are profoundly grateful to the man who turned the unity of the German nation, which for several generations had been only a sentimental dream, into a living reality, and created the new German Empire and put it into the front rank of the great powers of the world. He, more than any man in modern times, exalted the self-respect of the German people, too, by exhibiting in his tremendous personality those qualities in which the German character had been believed to be deficient—the power of daring initiative, sturdy, defiant self-assertion, promptness in resolving and in acting. The German people are proud of calling their own the man whose greatness is recognized by his very enemies abroad as well as at home; who ranks easily foremost among the public characters of the century after the Napoleonic age; and who, having created a great power that stands firmly on its feet after him, outranks even NAPOLEON, who, with all his genius and good fortune, left behind him only a wreck. The Germans see him stand in history as one of the colossal figures from whom epochs are named; and thus they pay to him their tribute of admiration.

This admiration is not unmixed with a certain romantic interest. The old giant, after having been dislodged from his place of power by a new ruler, now bent with the weight of patriarchal years, dwelling in the solitude of his "Saxon Forest," whence from time to time rumors issue of his emotions and his thoughts, like fading echoes of his once mighty voice, to which the world still listens with something like awe, appeals wonderfully to the poetic imagination which is so strong an element in the German mind. It has been believed that when, after his dismissal from power, BISMARCK indulged himself in sharp criticisms of his successor, which were thought ill-natured and undignified, his prestige would suffer, and that many of his former adherents, who were satisfied with the "new course," would turn away from him. The ordinary man with a grievance is hardly ever a popular figure. But BISMARCK was not, and never could be, an ordinary man with an ordinary grievance, and although his temper may sometimes have carried him too far in exhibiting the bitterness of his disappointments, the people were always inclined readily to forget whatever could belittle his greatness as soon as the occasion had passed away. Even most of those who did not agree with the views uttered by him would deferentially recognize his right to be dissatisfied, and the prestige of his name issued from the ordeal unharmed. It issued unharmed, although many of those who now take part in these enthusiastic demonstrations no doubt remember that BISMARCK really sympathizes with the movements which at present cloud the political horizon of Germany most darkly—the onset of the "Agrarians," who strive to overturn for their own benefit all that has been gained in the way of a liberal economic policy by the recent commercial treaties, and the "Umsturz" bill, which, following the precedent of BISMARCK'S own old anti-socialist law, takes advantage of the anarchist terror to threaten to put new shackles on the freedom of thought, of speech, of the press, and of instruction. But to the popular mind the "new course," following the BISMARCK *régime*, appears less firm without being more liberal. Moreover, inasmuch as nobody is still apprehending any possibility of the octogenarian BISMARCK'S return to power, the people prefer to think of the great things he has done rather than of any unwelcome things he might do.

It is, of course, not to be assumed that the BISMARCK enthusiasm in Germany is perfectly unanimous. There are advanced and uncompromising Liberals who cannot forget how roughly BISMARCK, when in power, rode over many of their principles and demands, and who will not compromise their consistency by anything that might look like a general approval of BISMARCK'S political course. But the loudest voices of dissent come from the camp of the Socialists, who see in BISMARCK the inveterate foe of their cause, and from the camp of the Ultramontanes, the "Centre party," who will never forgive or condone BISMARCK'S policy with regard to the Roman Catholic Church during the period of the "Kulturkampf." It is a significant fact, however, that both these camps—that is to say, many of the leaders more than the bulk of the rank and file—are under grave suspicions as to the trustworthiness of their national spirit. Socialism professes to put the solidarity of the interests of the laboring people, without distinction of nationality, above the duties of patriotism, and Ultramontanism not seldom gives unmistakable signs of an inclination to look for the guidance of its conduct rather to Rome than to Berlin. They are, therefore, both peculiarly deficient in that very sentiment from which the demonstrations of esteem and affection now showered upon BISMARCK draw their strongest inspiration.

The true and most important significance of these demonstrations springs, in fact, from its distinctly national character. There have for several years been rumors floating about of a grave dissatisfaction with the government of the young Emperor existing in the south German states, and of an alienation of feeling between them and Prussia, threatening to loosen the cohesion of the empire and to undermine the political unity of the German nation. That there has been and still is such dissatisfaction, and that the course of the young Emperor has not served to render the preponderance of Prussia in the empire popular, is true. But these demonstrations in honor of BISMARCK, the founder of German unity, are above all things a manifestation of the national spirit, which seizes upon this occasion to proclaim to the world in thunder tones that the German heart beats as warmly for the united father-land as ever, and that, although temporary dissatisfaction may exist, the cause of national unity can ever count upon the devotion of the German people.

AMERICANISM AND JINGOISM.

THERE has of late been a great outbreak of Jingoism in this country. It began with an outcry over the recall of the *Philadelphia* from Hawaii, and has ended with the incident of the *Alliança* and the appearance of spectres in the South and Central Americas.

It does not seem to matter to our Jingo fellow-citizens that their inciting causes turn out one after another to be roaring farces. They snatch at every incident in which the promise of war may lurk as if they had never before suffered from precipitate belligerency. One would naturally suppose that the ludicrous termination of their last outbreak concerning affairs in Hawaii would have taught them something, but it has not. LODGE and those who follow his international eccentricities thought they had made out a strong case against Mr. CLEVELAND because he had permitted the *Philadelphia* to leave Hawaii. The Jingoes said that the *Philadelphia* or some American ship of war was needed there to prevent the native royalists and the British from uniting to overturn the DOLE government. The fact that the British war-ship had also gone away made no difference to the Jingoes. In their excited imaginations British war-ships have supernatural powers of speed when opportunities for seizing anything, or for promoting rebellions that will enure to the profit of the subjects of Queen VICTORIA, are presented to them. One of the Jingo Senators intimated that Mr. CLEVELAND had withdrawn the *Philadelphia* as the result of a conspiracy with a delegation of Hawaiian royalists to reseat the Queen on her throne. The only fact on which this intimation was hung was the presence of such a delegation in Washington. Here again the mind of the accusing Jingo was not warped by the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND announced to the delegation in a letter that the whole subject was taken out of his hands by the action of Congress in recognizing the DOLE government, and by the further fact that the orders for the withdrawal of the *Philadelphia* from Hawaii were received, or were on their way, long before the delegation was denied an interview with the President. Again, a great rebellion broke out one Sunday afternoon when there was no foreign war-ship whatever in the harbor, and the DOLE government demonstrated so conclusively that it could take care of itself that even the Jingoes were for once seriously affected by facts, and some of them, by their silence, seemed to be abashed. But it was only for a moment.

The *Alliança* affair fired their warrior hearts before anything whatever was known beyond the statement of Captain CROSSMAN that an unknown vessel, apparently a Spanish gunboat, had fired a blank and then solid shot after his ship when she was passing the eastern end of Cuba on her regular trip from Colon to New York, and when she was sailing outside of the marine league within which Spain has jurisdiction. Now the fact that DOLE had demonstrated that he did not need protection when the Jingoes were insisting that the President had left him at the mercy of the British and the native Hawaiians did not deter them from a new outburst. With one acclaim they shouted for war with Spain; and Senator MORGAN, an old gentleman with the blood of hot youth still flowing in his veins, announced that if he were President he would send a fleet to Spain, and possibly across country to Madrid. There was even more hullabaloo over this incident than there was over the treachery of GROVER CLEVELAND to SANDFORD B. DOLE. Apologies were demanded by some of the Jingo newspapers before Captain CROSSMAN could finish his affidavit. The intemperate zeal for war reached such a pitch that the Spanish minister lost his head. Secretary GRESHAM having properly directed Minister TAYLOR, at Madrid, to demand an investigation and an expression of regret, Señor MURUAGA said uncomplimentary things about Captain CROSSMAN'S veracity, and such exceedingly undiplomatic and unconventional things about our government and its attitude towards Spain that his usefulness in this country is impaired. The poor man evidently mistook the Jingoes for the whole country, and supposed that we were about to go to war with Spain without waiting to hear what his government had to say, or giving it time to investigate the facts. It did, indeed, seem as if it was to be demanded that the country should convict Spain without a trial, or even such a preliminary hearing as is granted in a police court to a person charged with ordinary assault and battery.

The *Alliança* incident is certainly not to be treated lightly; neither ought it to be made an occasion for the display of national ill manners. On the evidence before the government it appears that an officer of a Spanish man-of-war has fired upon a merchant vessel of the United States. This merchant vessel, a mail-steamer plying the high seas in the regular course of her business, has been assaulted by an act which amounts to an insult to the nation and its flag. Even if the *Alliança* had been within the marine league, the Spaniard would not have been justified in treating her as an enemy, unless he is prepared to show that she was pursuing an illegal traffic with those who are making war on Spain within her jurisdiction in Cuba. On the testimony now in the possession of the public, which consists of the sworn statements of Captain CROSSMAN, such a violation of international friendship cannot be shown. A state of war does not exist between Spain and Cuba within the contemplation of international law. Spain has not recognized the Cuban rebels as belligerents, and therefore no foreign ship is bound to take notice that war is in progress. The right of detention and search is a privilege incident to a state of war, and therefore the *Alliança* had the right to proceed on her way without detention. The American *prima facie* case is made out. If the captain of the Spanish war-vessel has a counter case, the Spanish government must make that out. But a reasonable time must be granted to Spain to make the necessary inquiry as to the facts before we insist on an apology or on the punishment of the officer who is guilty of the assault. That the inquiry should be made is clear, and this government only does its duty—a sacred duty, whose performance every citizen plying the high seas, and likely to meet with such an experience as Captain CROSSMAN'S, has the right to demand—in insisting on investigation, and on an expression of regret if the facts turn out to be as they have been reported. This is what Secretary GRESHAM has done. He has not lost his head. He has not been perturbed by the Jingo jangles of statesmen who are out of tune with the civilized and humane spirit which, in spite of them, obtains in these closing years of the nineteenth century. His demand, which has been duly presented by Minister TAYLOR to the Madrid government, is dignified and proper, and neither more nor less than it should be. It will have the approval of sober-minded American citizens, who are too proud of their country and its history, too devotedly attached to the idea that the republic shall continue to exercise its great influence for the maintenance

of universal peace, too self-respectful to be misled by the meaningless cries of the Jingoes, who would be regarded as swashbuckling bullies if they were not objects of ridicule, and who are not taken seriously by the great majority of their fellow-citizens. This country has not forgotten how Mr. BLAINE'S Jingoism abated when the responsibilities of office had been placed upon him.

It is to be hoped that the other civilized nations of the world, also, do not take these Jingoes of ours seriously. Their talk of war is based on the mistaken notion that it means votes. They say that they want the islands of the Pacific; that they want Cuba; that they want Canada; that they want the continent. They are, however, simply trying to be exaggerated Americans, and to commend their patriotic wares to the voters. How empty is their talk has already been shown by Mr. BLAINE'S words when out of office and his conduct when in office. And now Senator FRYE puts the cap of folly on himself and LODGE, MORGAN, WHITNEY, and all the crowd whose blood is boiling, if we are to trust their own readings of their own private thermometers. He professes to be sorry that Spain will apologize for the assault upon the *Alliança*, because he had hoped that she would refuse, in which event we might take Cuba by conquest. Noble Christian gentleman! Worthy successor of the American statesmen who fixed the Northwest boundary, who negotiated the Washington treaty, submitting a real international difficulty to a peaceful judicial tribunal, and whose spirit and high patriotism, we are confident, still animate the people of this country!

The republic is not yet the home of cowards, who shout for war when there can be no war, and who threaten a friendly nation for the act of a servant before it has had time to make reply to a request for an inquiry and for an explanation. True Americans do not thus cheapen their manhood. They will fight when they must, but not until fighting is necessary. In the mean time the world should take notice that our Jingoes are harmless, unmeaning folk, at whose antics their fellow-countrymen will laugh, even when they are heartily ashamed of them.

SHALL THE PEOPLE GOVERN?

Is the reform victory of last fall to be of no avail? Are the "bosses" and their followers to be permitted to ignore the demands then made by the people of this city and State? Is justice to be still denied to the poor and the helpless? Is the police force of this city to remain the stronghold of corruption, the evil centre of crime and vice, a menace to free institutions? Is the Mayor elected by the citizens of New York for the purpose of purifying the administration of their affairs to be bound and hampered by the cynical corruptionists of both parties, who profit by robbery, blackmail, and open partnership with the worst elements of society? Is New York governed by its people, or by usurping "bosses," whose interests and inclinations are hostile to the reform demanded at the polls, and whose offences led to the uprising which triumphed in November, to be threatened now by the disgraceful schemings and the bold revolt of the politicians at Albany?

These are questions that are pressing upon the attention of the citizens of New York, and they are questions of great moment to all good citizens who are concerned in securing the reforms that are needed by nearly every municipality in the country. What is the state of things? There was a political revolution in New York last November. The bandits who had fattened on the plunder of the city of New York were tumbled out of power. Popular virtue asserted itself, and the men who were immediately and directly responsible for New York's condition, so far as they could be reached at the election, were sent into private life. The vulgar CROKER disappeared, except as he is occasionally dragged into the light by an interviewing reporter. It seems likely that the new Constitution has even driven him from the race-track, where his mysterious wealth has enabled him to disport himself. It is true that all this was brought about without a revelation as to how he gained his riches, but not without exposures that enable the intelligent citizen to make a shrewd guess as to their source.

The people decided that their business should be done by honest men; that their police force should be placed under the control of men who would enforce the law in place of the men who sold the right to violate the law; that the courts provided by them for the punishment of crime and the protection of the poor and helpless should be presided over by upright lawyers instead of by ignorant and venal ruffians; that their schools should be managed as educational institutions instead of remaining comfortable retreats for politicians of bad character. Following the action of the people at the polls, the Grand Jury has found indictments against a number of police officials; but the Legislature has been in session for nearly three months, and not one of the commands made by those who have the right to command has been obeyed. Instead, we are to have the control of the bosses over the police force maintained through a bipartisan commission law, dictated by PLATT, while we have heard from Albany sneers at reformers, and fears that the people of New York do not know what is best for them.

CROKER has gone into hiding, but his old ally continues to be powerful. The wicked alliance is still maintained. The majority that drove HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN out of power in the State, and overwhelmed Tammany in the city, is apparently not represented in the law-making branch of the government. Whatever of good comes out of Albany at this session of the Legislature must be forced from the unwilling henchmen of PLATT by the terrors which sent the Tammany leaders into their hiding-places. The combination of the corruptionists continues to be active, and threatens to be effective. PLATT was always as bad as CROKER, and is now more dangerous; and all that he has done during this session of the Legislature is in behalf of his Tammany ally. Thus far it has even been impossible to take from CROKER'S firm the judicial sales of real property. Are PLATT and CROKER to refuse contemptuously to the people the right to govern themselves? They certainly will unless good citizens continue to manifest the same indignation, the same determination to have their will, that stirred them last fall. If they convince LEXOW, O'CONNOR, and their fellows that PLATT must follow CROKER, those "statesmen" who now proudly display the collars that PLATT has put upon their necks, and who cannot find phrases contemptuous enough in which to express their opinions of reformers, will become most willing and swift servants of Mayor STRONG, of the Committee of Seventy, and of the majority of virtuous citizens who wiped out the stain that the HILL machine had put upon New York, and who can yet wipe out PLATT and all who adhere to him.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF LAW.

GOVERNOR MCINTYRE, of Colorado, and Governor FOSTER, of Louisiana, have done much to redeem their States from the disgrace inflicted upon them by the mobs that murdered negroes at New Orleans and Italians at Walsenburg.

It is disregard for the law that is at the basis of all rioting—a lack of reverence for that which ought to be supreme in our form of government, and which must be supreme if republican government is to be successful. The law is the decree of the people. It is the spoken word of the sovereign power. All who defy it—who take the law into their own hands, as the saying is—are in rebellion against the government. More than that, they are in rebellion against the institutions which the people of this country have adopted as those best calculated to promote their welfare. To those who believe in the republican form, it is the highest achievement in the art of government yet attained by the human race. It is that under which the widest liberty and the largest opportunity are possible. To rebel against its law and to imperil its ascendency even for a moment, therefore, is a grievous political crime—the most grievous short of actual treason as defined in the Constitution.

Whether the rebels be the white "screwmen" of New Orleans protesting at the point of their revolvers against the competition of negroes, or trainmen in Chicago, or Coxeyites in Ohio, or motormen in Brooklyn, or the mob in Colorado avenging the death of a friend by taking his murderers out of the possession of the law, or lynchers in Georgia or the Carolinas, or riotous law-makers in Indiana—all these are enemies of the state, and dangerous enemies of the republican form of government. More dangerous, however, than the actual participants in the crimes are the politicians who, for the sake of the offices they hold and those they hope for, fail to enforce the law. For the punishment of such officials no penalty can be too great. There is no accomplice of disorder and anarchy so potent for evil as the Governor, Mayor, District Attorney, Sheriff, or other executive or administrative officer who neglects to enforce the law against rioters. His attitude is an inspiration to rioting and violence. His removal and punishment are essential to the safety of the state and to the peace and order of the community.

As the WEEKLY had something to say in its last issue concerning the recent blots on our civilization, due to outbreaks of lawlessness in Indiana, Louisiana, and Colorado, it is glad to be able to bear testimony to the fact that Governor FOSTER, of Louisiana, and Governor MCINTYRE, of Colorado, have shown a due appreciation of their duties, and a due respect for the law, of which they are the chief servants in their respective States. No one seems inclined to wipe the blot from Indiana.

THE NEW OLYMPIAD.

ARE the men of to-day better than their fathers were? The question is not a conundrum, nor does it refer to the virtues and graces which adorn life in general, but is, in fact, merely an inquiry whether our young men can run faster, jump farther, and row better than those of former generations. Possibly, after all, it doesn't matter very much whether we can or not, yet it would be some satisfaction to know. If the young men of the day do not excel in these things it will not be for want of opportunity, nor will the failure arise from the absence of inducements to practise them. The very latest of these promises to be the most ambitious. Next year is to see the revival in a nineteenth-century dress of the Olympic games of classic antiquity, and it is intended thus to inaugurate the international athletic carnival to be celebrated every fourth year, beginning with 1896. There is already an international committee, an international programme, and doubtless there will shortly be an international subscription list sent round to provide for the worthy celebration of the event. Athens, indeed, and not the classic Elis, is to furnish the first place of meeting, Paris the next, with London, Berlin, and possibly New York to supply the stadium, and swell the entrance and grand-stand receipts. Could the shades of Pindar and other Grecian worthies be consulted it is more than probable that they might object to some of the arrangements; but, after all, a revival is always a revival with a difference. The Greece of twenty-three centuries ago is dead—more dead, if possible, than Julius Cæsar—and the attempt to resurrect it entire, even if successful, would probably not be worth the trouble.

There is, indeed, a flavor about the programme which is decidedly modern. The running and the jumping, it is true, still figure as of old, and the modern gymnastics may fairly represent the ancient wrestling. The shades of the mighty past are to be propitiated by the introduction of quoit-throwing, but horse-racing is to be left to Newmarket, and boxing to the patrons of the prize-ring, while rowing, cycling, and lawn-tennis take the place of the other contests of antiquity. Probably the fathers of the movement have exercised a wise discretion. Some might have wished the chariot-race rather than the quoit-throwing to have represented pure and unadulterated antiquity, but possibly the turf has sinned too deeply to be admitted, even in a modified form, to the classic arena. On the whole, the programme seems reasonably to represent the evolution and fairly to respect the environment of sport, and it may therefore be hoped that it will fulfil the object of its being.

The games are, of course, to be for amateurs only, and this is well; it will be well also, if that be possible, that the rule be clearly understood and strictly enforced. One point—an important one, however—appears as yet to remain unsettled, the reward of victory. Time was when the victor was crowned, and the wreath of olive leaves was the grand object of ambition, but this, it must be confessed, is hardly in keeping with modern ideas or in accordance with modern methods.

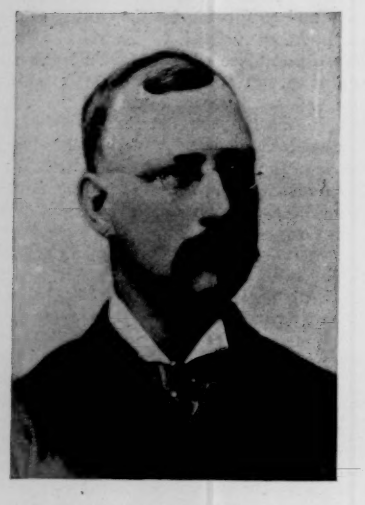
SATAN'S SHARE IN CLUBS.

IN an essay on the home, which he calls the unit of society, Dr. PARKHURST says: "I consider the club to be one of the cleverest devices of the devil to prevent homes being made, and to sterilize and undermine them when they are made. I do not claim that there is not a wholesome rôle which the club may be expected to play. I am only criticising the club to the degree in which it replaces the devotion to the wife and children."

These are not very violent sentiments, and perhaps not unreasonable, but still it seems possible that the doctor does not give the devil all of his due on the score of this particular device with which he credits him. Clubs are homes for the homeless. Every one knows that to prudent young men who are not yet able to marry they are a great boon. Perhaps they make such young men rather too comfortable, and prolong the bachelorhood of some persons who are fit for matrimony beyond the necessary period. By all means blame the devil for that, but not without giving him credit for whatever good service the clubs do in hindering or delaying the marriages of men who are not fit to be married at all. There are such men in every considerable club. The more of them die bachelors, the better for the world. As a means of restraining them from becoming husbands and fathers the clubs are entitled to rank among the gentlest and pleasantest agents that make for the survival and reproduction of the fittest.

As to the homes in some cases there is just reason for complaint. It is a common experience, and one loudly lamented in clubland, to have the most popular and desirable clubmen sink practically out of club sight from the day of their marriage. Still one does find among the habitual haunters of most clubs a few men who ought to be at home looking after their families. But how many names there are on the rolls of every club of men who never come near the club except on some special occasion, or who look in about once a week and spend half an hour! Among the club's regular frequenters how very many there are who stop in in the afternoon just long enough to gather a few impressions or trifles of gossip, which they faithfully carry home and impart to their wives before dinner. It may seem different to Dr. PARKHURST, but to most of us the sight of a man drinking a pernicious five-o'clock cocktail at a club is nothing like as suggestive of speculations about his wife's happiness as the sight of the same gentleman, without his wife, drinking garrulous afternoon tea in some attractive woman's parlor.

As a means of luring married men away from their homes and keeping them out of nights, the clubs are not in it (as the boys say) with city politics, and reform politics in particular. And yet there are many reformers whose family life is visibly proof against all the hardships to which it is subjected. The truth is that the seasoned and civilized adult city man is apt to be very tough and reasonably intelligent. He can flutter around lots of candles without singeing his wings. The clubs of great cities include a considerable proportion of sagacious citizens of this sort. They are by no means green scholars. They have seen the world and seen life, and they know as much about the comforts of home as any Friend in Philadelphia. You may bait your club ever so prettily, but you don't get them to swallow but just so much of it. As soon as the clock strikes their hour you see them shuffling into their gum shoes and trooping off to a better place.



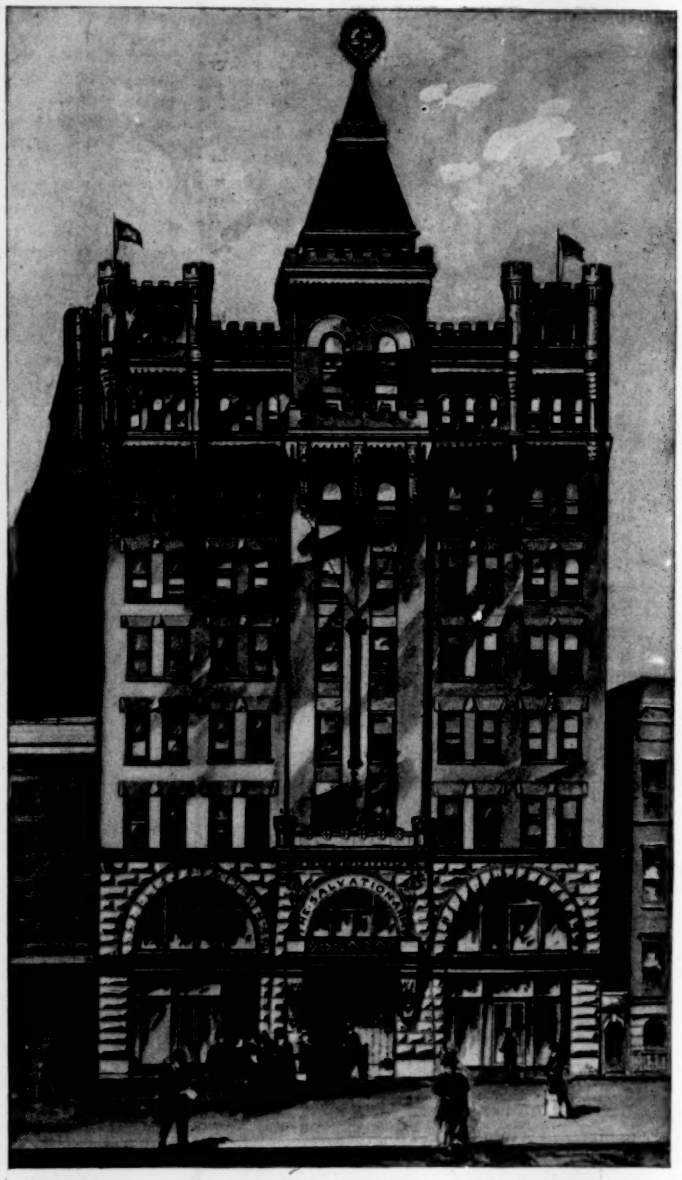
A. W. McINTYRE,
Governor of Colorado.—[See Page 291.]

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

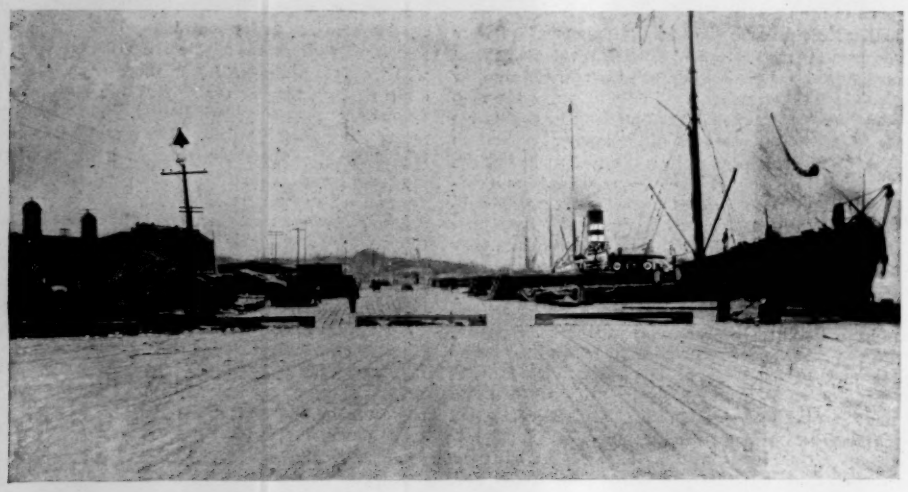
THE growth of the Salvation Army in various parts of the world, and especially in the city of New York, may easily be understood by any person not blinded by prejudice. This body of Christian workers finds occupation in fields which have been almost deserted by all the older churches save the Roman Catholic. And the more liberal-minded prelates of that Church, men like the late Cardinal Manning, for instance, acknowledge that the soldiers of this enthusiastic Salvation Army get into out-of-the-way places and do work not open to the priests, or even to the Sisters of Charity, of the Roman Church. In New York city many of the prosperous Protestant Churches are moving from neighborhoods where the people are so poor that the church organizations are not self-supporting. In all these Churches there are strong and zealous men who oppose this abandonment of territory, but the movement, nevertheless, has gone on surely and steadily. Where the rich are, there the churches must be, appears to be the controlling idea just now.

Under such circumstances the Salvation Army grows naturally in a congenial field and occupies the ground it was meant by its founders to cover without opposition from rival organizations. Indeed, the Army now appears to have no rivals, as the other Churches and the active workers of them have learned by experience to respect these men and women who carry out the orders of their superiors in authority with an unquestioning obedience indicative of the highest discipline. Only a few years ago these soldiers were attacked in the streets by idle ruffians, and their meetings were broken up by disorderly intruders. The police made only a pretence of protecting them, and the police justices declared them to be disorderly disturbers of the peace. In other words, they were persecuted. In ten years they have almost completely lived down this disrespect, and now all broad-minded persons regard the Army as a great moral and religious force, an organization from which may spring a great People's Church, to which the masses will gladly and profitably go. At the meetings of the Army no bewildering ecclesiastical theories are discussed, and so far no officer of the Army has been court-martialled for heresy.

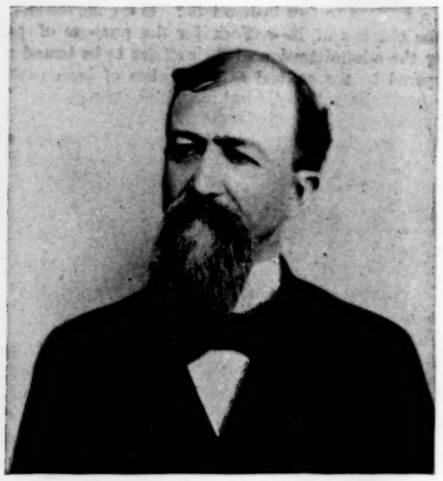
The Army is military in its organization, and its operations are always against "the devil and all his works." General William Booth, of England, is "Commander-in-Chief," and his son, Ballington Booth, is "Commander of the United States Forces." These American forces have garrisons in 430 cities and 39 States, and the forces consist of 544 corps and 58 outposts. The general officers number 1782, while the local officers and bandsmen number 2660. During 1894 there were held 138,040 open-air meetings, while those who attended the in-door meetings of the year which ended last September numbered 18,790,400. In New York city there is a branch of the Army called the "slum brigade," specially organized for work where the people are particularly debased by poverty, misery, and crime. When this work was begun it was found to be quite perilous, for the dwellers in the "slums" are usually hardened persons, who have scant respect for anything save brute force. But even here the Salvation Army soldiers made their way by their earnestness, their directness, and the unselfishness of their motives. When Ballington Booth made a general report last autumn he presented the statistics of the "slum work" for the



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY, NEW YORK.
G. A. Schellenger, Architect.

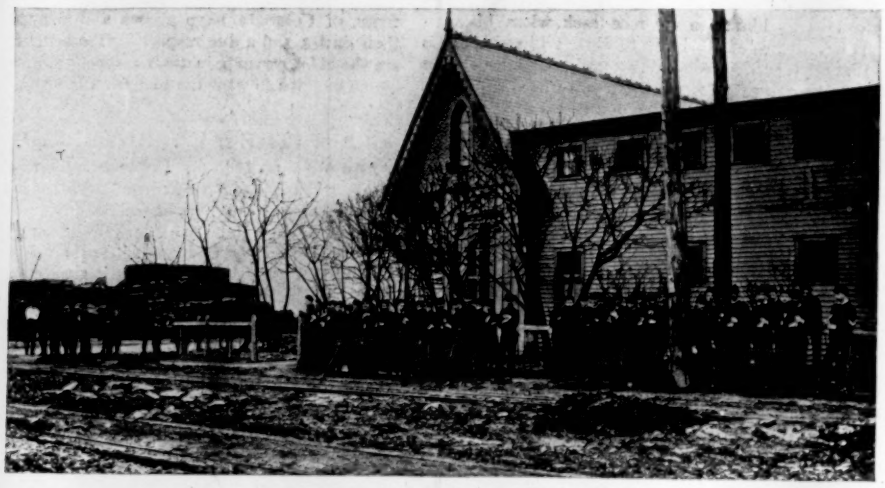


WHARF OF THE HARRISON STEAMSHIP LINE, WHERE THE MAIN RIOT OF MARCH 12TH OCCURRED.



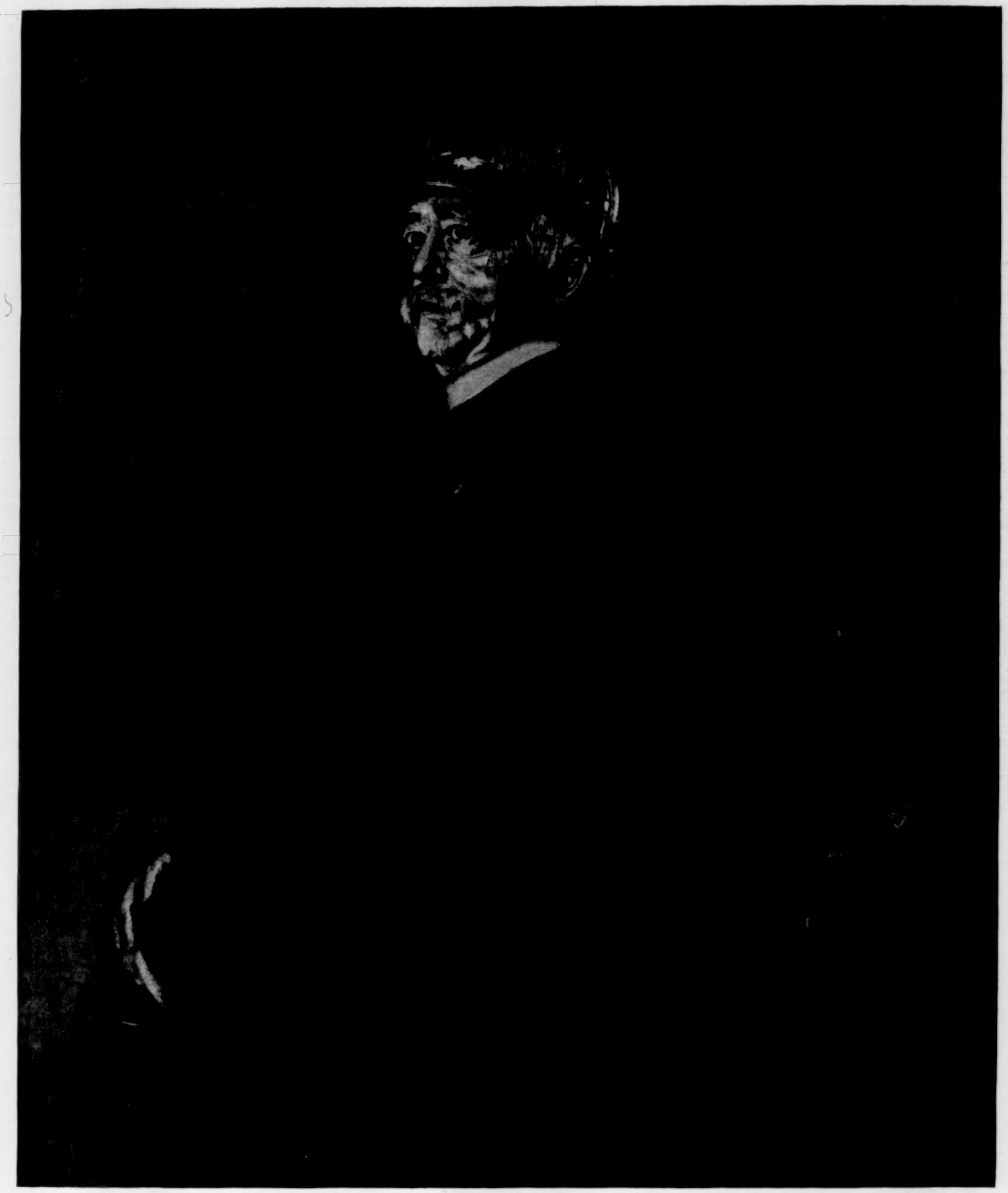
MURPHY J. FOSTER, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.



MILITIA GUARDING THE FRENCH LINE WHARVES.

RECENT RIOTING ON NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



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PRINCE BISMARCK.—From the Painting by Franz von Lenbach, 1894, for the Leipsic Museum.—[See Page 290.]

preceding twelve months. Here are the figures as given by him and in his own words:

Souls saved	1,134
Families visited	31,277
Saloons visited	40,513
Tenements prayed in	21,884
Dealt with in saloons and streets	72,110
Meals given	26,538
Garments given or sold	11,164
Sick cases nursed	1,454
Children cared for	3,792
Hours mending and street work	12,666
Washing rooms	126

This represents a year's work of a small and devoted band, the members of which have made themselves so much respected in the darkest places in the great city that any one wearing the garb of the Salvation Army is free to come and go without fear of danger or insult at any hour of the day or night.

Few but poor people, and those who are uneducated, are particularly attracted by the methods of the Salvation Army exhorters. Indeed, these methods were not adopted to attract those who were free to pick and choose the Church which each preferred. But the Army was organized for the benefit of those who were not looked after by the other Churches, for those the other Churches did not reach. There is, therefore, no necessity to criticise these methods from the stand-point of delicate refinement, but they should be judged alone by the results produced. These results are indicated by the figures given above, and by the very general respect which has succeeded the prejudice of a few years ago.

Material prosperity in a religious organization may or may not be an indication of zeal and piety on the part of the members of it. When this prosperity is due to the sacrifices of poor people who contribute from their scanty wages the mites which in the aggregate make wealth, then it is a fair inference that a mighty interest has been awakened. And the Salvation Army seems to be entirely prosperous. In April the headquarters of the Army in the United States will be established in a large new building in Fourteenth Street, New York, built at an expense of $200,000 on land which cost $160,000. There is a picture of this building in this paper, and, as will be seen, it is an imposing if not a beautiful structure. The architect has endeavored to put up a house fitted for commercial purposes in the lower story, but with something of the feudal aspect of a fortress or a castle. The Army will occupy all the building save the two stores on either side of the main street entrance. Behind these stores on the first floor there is a meeting hall which will seat 500 persons. On the second floor there is a hall where 2500 may be seated. The remainder of the building, which extends through the block to Thirteenth Street, will be occupied for offices, dormitories, and so forth. The building will be opened with ceremonies conducted by the highest officers of the Army.

For six or seven years the Army has occupied this site. A rental of $1800 a year was paid for an old carriage factory, fallen into disuse, and in it meetings were held by day and night. When means had been secured for a permanent headquarters this place was purchased, and last August the building just now finished was begun. It may be of interest to note that only a few weeks ago a church building on the same block, a building in which Protestant services had been conducted for many years, was sold at sheriff's sale because the congregation had suffered the church to fall into irretrievable debt.

At the headquarters of the Salvation Army, hitherto in Reade Street, the officers with whom a visitor may have anything to do are very businesslike in their manner and method. It has long been conceded in England that the elder Booth has great capacity as an executive, and it is not improbable that the son, who commands in the United States, has this capacity also, and knows how to select the proper men for the various departments of the organization. It is hardly to be expected that he should have at his disposal many men of more than average ability, but it is quite evident that he uses those he has to the best advantage, and finds for each one his proper place. Zeal improperly applied in any administrative work is destructive; all of these Salvation Army officers are zealous, and therefore, as the Army is prosperous in its affairs, this zeal must be always controlled by the good judgment of some one with a genuine capacity for affairs.

THE PLAY AND THE PROBLEM.

I.

DURING the past theatrical season, or passing, I have seen three or four of the new sort of plays which the English are now making, and they seem to be vastly better than the old sort of novels which they are now writing. If there is any advance in fiction among them, it is in the dramatic form; in the narrative form there is a prevalence of atavism, which is very interesting from the stand-point of science, but very deplorable from the stand-point of art. In the novels they have back again all the people in pot-metal who used to thrill the tough nerves of former generations; the hero has reverted to the type of his grandfather, and his sword is out in the magazines everywhere, cutting and thrusting in the good old circumstance, remote from anything the race ever really knew. In the plays, on the contrary, there is distinctly a disposition on the part of the author to grapple with actualities of several kinds, and especially to wrestle with problems, and to struggle with motives. Their scene is always a recognizable semblance of the world; if I do not always find it a good portrait, I am willing to suppose it is because I do not know the world very well; and in any case I perceive in their work the interests and motives that impel people in life. The persons are something like, the love is something like, the hate is something like, the vice is something like, and the virtue is something like. If this is not saying a good deal, I am bound to add that I do not think it is saying too much. To the inward truth, or measure of truth, there is a pleasing response of outward truth; the plays have good form; they are at their best artistic achievements, and at their worst they are artistic intentions.

II.

The first of them that I saw was Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, which I saw last autumn, in that faery moment of return from the country, when the town wears an air of enchantment, and for a little while we are sweetly abused with a feeling that its novelty is our youth in some sort of magic renewal. But I do not think it was this sense of rejuvenescence that made me find everything in that play so fresh and keen and bright. It remains in my memory a most brilliant little comedy, and whenever I speak of it, I have the impulse to pity perhaps rather too copiously the people who happened not to see it. I have found that most people did not see it, possibly because it was given so very early in the season; and of those who saw it with me the night I went, I had my doubts whether they thoroughly understood it, so that I am able to pity them, too. On the surface it was the most amusing story of a young Bulgarian lady who rescues, much against her will, a Swiss officer of the Servian army just beaten by her betrothed in battle, and flying from the ensuing massacre through the town where she lives. He climbs to her balcony and into her room, and she cannot turn him out, or even give him up to the pursuit of her compatriots, who wish to kill him. Naturally she falls in love with him, and when her betrothed comes home, and after the first high heroic outburst of devotion for her, begins to make love to her maid, she cherishes the secret of her meeting with the Swiss, and the hope of another. It comes about in the end, of course, that she marries the Swiss, and her betrothed marries the maid; and the juggle by which this is accomplished is so skilful, so comic, so vivid, that it is upon the surface quite sufficiently a play of the gayest temper and the most prosperous destiny. I do not know whether the nicer touches of character were lost upon the audience or not; the theatrical audience is never of very fine intellectual quality, and I could easily imagine that the Bulgarian hero's moment of self-analysis after he had made love to the maid, and his question as to which of him had done it, might have been lost upon some people present; and that the heroine's comfort in recognizing that she was not, after all, so entirely devoted to exalted ideals as she had led herself to suppose, was beyond the average comprehension. I am quite sure that the real nature of the play as a pitiless satire on what we are agreed to call civilization, and especially as a mock at war and at rank, was scarcely felt. It was quite enough, as I have said, superficially, and it was not singular among satires in failing to impart its intention to all. *Gulliver's Travels* was probably never much valued for its political implications; it would be hard now for even a very intelligent reader to say what they were; and it is not strange that the ultimate scorn of *Arms and the Man* failed to reach the play-going mind. I think it is a pity it did fail, especially in America; for of all people we have the highest reverence for war and for rank, perhaps because we have seen so little of either; and a real contempt for both would be wholesome for us in the present mood of our civilization, if we could be brought to feel it even at second hand.

III.

As a piece of art I think *Arms and the Man* far transcended any of the other English plays I have seen, though I own, and not unwillingly, the extreme cleverness of Mr. Oscar Wilde and the excellent workmanship of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. It was a play of Mr. Jones's that I saw next after Mr. Shaw's, and again I found myself present at the representation of a satire, but a satire which I did not fancy myself quite so solitary in feeling. In fact, the satire in *The Case of Rebellious Susan* is quite upon the face of the action and character, and I found it very delightful. It is a merry play, and the serious problem which it handles is always kept from making the listener serious, which no doubt accounts for its running a hundred nights, and still holding the stage at matinées. It will not do to make the listener very serious at the theatre, for he will not come back if he is made very serious, or finally left so. It was the great mistake of Mr. Herne to do this in his great play of *Margaret Flemming*, which was so dreadful to the conscience that it constantly reduced its audiences till the ushers remained almost alone to agonize before it. The husband in Canton, Massachusetts, and the husband in Mayfair, London, are of much the same make, and in much the same trouble; but I am not going to force a parallel, or even pursue one, between the two plays. The question in *The Case of Rebellious Susan* is whether the wife may not do what her husband has done. The play asks the question, but it does not answer it, or do much more than send the spectator home laughing at the many amusing lights it is looked at in. The end is that after a most violent flirtation of Lady Susan's (the play is full of titles, and beautiful gowns), she and her husband make it up, and begin living together again; she has been saved from wrong by accident, and he is reformed by the sense of her constancy to him, and the fear that his inconstancy will imperil it. From time to time the playwright is confronted so squarely with his problem by different turns of the action that he cannot very well help saying something about it; and then he says, through one person or another, that men and women are very different; that there may be sauce for the goose, but there can be none for the gander; and in short he more or less humorously and ironically begs the question. For women the lesson is that they must not expect much of their husbands and must have a great deal of patience with them; for men that it is not reasonable they should do what they would not have their wives do; and for both that they must not have too strenuous a hope of lasting and single devotion in one another. The best thing said is that marriage is a very perfect relation which has to be realized through very imperfect means, and the implication is that it is infinitely better than the fleeting passion that first unites people in it.

That is by no means a bad moral, though I should think it might be rather blighting to such of love's young dreamers as happened to find themselves present. In fact, I should think that sort would scarcely enjoy it; and it would be interesting to know how far their favor has made the prosperity of the piece, which is so clever and wise. It abounds in comic events which the report of its main motive can give no sense of; and it not only saves itself as a work of art, but it quite distinctly triumphs, though it triumphs artistically in spite of its problem rather than in virtue of it. After seeing another play of Mr. Jones's, I decided that it triumphed because its handling of the problem was humorous, and that this other play failed in everything but the attraction of constant houses for six months because its handling of a problem was serious. It disappointed me because I had seen some years ago a play of the same author in which a problem was seriously handled with great success, and which left me with high hopes of what he might do in that kind, and the wish to see anything else he might do. In *Judah* he dealt with a case of conscience, with the soul of a man who has told a lie for love's and pity's sake, and he showed much of the noble mastery of Hawthorne; but in *The Masqueraders* he seemed to me to have quite lost his head. The case is that of a young girl who finds it dull to be governess, and tries being barmaid, and when that turns out worse than she thought, tries being the wife of a bad baronet who can give her wealth and all of the world she wants. She is a hussy from the beginning, and there is not a moment of the long-drawn melodrama of her woes when you can rightly have the least sympathy for her. Her husband is all sorts of a reprobate, but mostly he is a gambler, and finally he loses her and his child at cards to the young astronomer who has "always loved" her, and who carries her off, quite willing, to his observatory in the south of France. She has "always loved" her winner, and he is about to give up his career for her when her sister intercedes with him in behalf of their better selves, and he goes away to study an eclipse in Africa, and leaves her in her sister's keeping, "pure" as they all call it. The working out of this piece is as lamentable as anything I have seen upon the stage. I do not mean it is indecent; for then, at least, people could go away, and perhaps must; but it is so densely and darkly and deeply wrong in its ethical estimation of its own facts that it is much more mischievous than it would be if it were indecent. I tried to imagine the bewildered state of some of the matinée-goers whom I saw spellbound by its preachments all about me, and I shrank from it as something too awful, if they were to be sent home thinking that "purity" had triumphed in the fate of a woman who was saved from herself by the pity of the man whom she had let know very early in her unhappy marriage that she had "always loved" him. Yet this was the solution of the problem which the author had dealt with. The whole thing was so false and so bad that I kept wondering what had made it so successful as to have held the stage for six months, and I was forced to the disheartening conclusion that the secret of its success was its vulgarity. Vulgar it was from the first moment to the last, and I should think its acceptance must be a bitter mortification to its author, and a profound discouragement, for he is a clever man and capable of work that is by no means vulgar. I suppose that if any one thing in it attracts more than another it is the scene of the husband gambling his wife away to her lover; one can fancy the delight of this passing from mouth to mouth among that large class of vapid, vacant, well-to-do people, chiefly women, chiefly wives, whose applause, in a grossly material town like this, is the prosperity of the theatres. They would tell each other that this scene is really something one must see; but it is really something one should not see, because, though such a thing might happen, it is to art impossibly vulgar.

IV.

It is a very swell world which Mr. Jones shows us in *The Masqueraders*, but without knowing much about it, I take leave to think that no world, however swell, can be quite so wicked as the world where his play is supposed to take place. Mr. Oscar Wilde also shows us a very swell world in the entourage of *An Ideal Husband*, but it is not nearly so wicked as that of *The Masqueraders*, and in spite of the author's well-known foible, it is not nearly so abandoned to paradox. In fact, I think *An Ideal Husband* is not only an excellent piece of art, but an excellent piece of sense: perhaps the two ought never to be thought of apart, but they are. The author handles in it very skilfully and very honestly the problem of a most happily married man, who in earlier life (he is still young, though an eminent parliamentary leader) sold a state secret, and got a little fortune for it. The little fortune becomes a great fortune, and just at the joyous moment when he can least bear to be confronted with his sin, a sulphurous female appears with the letter he wrote to a Viennese stock-broker telling him the English government was about to buy the Suez Canal, and threatens the parliamentary leader with the exposure of this transgression of the young attaché, unless he will support her scheme of an Argentine Canal. There is money in that, too, but the husband is committed against the scheme as a piece of rascality, for being no longer dependent upon money he can afford to despise it. This often happens in life: men clean up as soon as they have the pecuniary means; but the play does not insist upon the point; nor am I going to insist upon the several points, very neatly and clearly made, by which it reaches an admirably reasoned conclusion. I was not able to convict the author of a single false step in the play (I had no great wish to do so, for I like to like things), and there are some by which he mounts to a pretty wide prospect of human nature; for instance, that where the husband upbraids the wife for idealizing him, and for not counting upon his weaknesses and his potential sins in loving him. This is very well, and it is very well where, when he has been saved from exposure, and she unwisely agrees that he must withdraw from public life, the friend of both makes her see that she is taking from him his sole chance of atonement and retrieval, and creating him a future of hatred for her and despair for himself.

V.

In fact, Mr. Wilde manages his problem so as to come out best in the struggle. Yet the play left me with some very grave misgivings as to the usefulness of the moral problem in the drama. That is, it gave me question whether it could well be made the chief interest of a play; for there is great danger that it may be falsely solved, or else shirked, which is nearly as bad. I asked myself whether the play would not be better to be simply a picture of life, resting for its success upon incident and character, without those crucial events which in life are so rarely dramatic, but which, when they come, arrive with as little ceremony as the event of dinner or of death. I said that, after all, morality is an affair of being, rather than of doing, that the same action was not always as bad or as good at all times or for all persons; and that without more room than the drama can possibly give itself, it cannot be shown in its real relation to life, in its proportion, its value.

I might have been mistaken, and the moral problem may be the thing that the drama should concern itself with as the chief thing. But I complain that it resolves, or is apt to resolve, the leading characters to types; and that such sense of their personality as we have is not such as the author gives them, but such as the actors give them. It seems to me that the reader who has seen *The Case of Rebellious Susan* and *An Ideal Husband*, unless he is a very wrong-headed reader, will agree with me that it was the subordinate people of the plays who gave him the feeling of character, and that he cared for the heroes and heroines mainly because of what happened to them, or through them, and not because they were interesting persons except as the actors made them so. They were working out a problem, and so busy in doing it that they had no time for being.

One of the four plays I have been talking of was a mawkish melodrama, of the same value ethically and æsthetically, about, as *Camille;* but the other three were brilliant satires, and ought perhaps to be finally so considered. I think *The Case of Rebellious Susan* and *An Ideal Husband* were of a quite the same literary quality, and they were managed with about equal dexterity and grace. Mr. Jones smiled,

"And lightly put the question by"

in his play, and Mr. Wilde smilingly faced it to the end. There was that much difference, but no such difference as separated them both from *Arms and the Man*. Was it because the affair in both was narrowed to the solution of a problem, and because in *Arms and the Man* the satire concerned the whole of civilization, that I found that so much greater? I recur to it with lasting pleasure after half a year, and the flavor of the others is faint already; yet they are both capital plays, and both enjoy a prosperity which I am afraid *Arms and the Man* will never achieve.

When I compare them with some beginnings of our own in the drama, I am by no means ashamed of ours. I am going to prove myself of a very common, or at least very simple taste to people who love titles and gowns, by saying that I think *The Old Homestead* and *Shore Acres*, with all their defects, are built upon broader and sounder lines, and that Mr. Harrigan's Mulligan series of comic sketches is the effect of a more genuine dramatic and artistic instinct. It remains for some American to imagine an honest treatment of our average middle-class life, with the rich variety of possibilities in motive and incident native to our society, and the same success will be his, as the authors of those plays of our rustic life and low life have enjoyed. But till this dramatist arrives we must draw our society plays from England, where they are making them indeed too much of one pattern, but where they are making them very well.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE DALMATIAN COAST.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

THE old city of Curzola, which lies at the eastern extremity of a fine wooded island of the same name, is chiefly known to fame on account of the great naval battle between the Genoese and the Venetians which took place in the narrow channel dividing the island from the long peninsula of Sabioncello which juts out from the mainland. Here the Genoese defeated the fleet of the Venetians, and captured the famous old navigator Marco Polo, who had just returned from the China seas. Andrea Dandolo, the Venetian provveditore, too proud to bear the ignominy of defeat, dashed out his brains against the side of the Genoese galley that was bearing him away as a prisoner of war, and Marco Polo was carried away to Genoa and thrust into a dungeon, where he wrote his wonderful book of travels. Before their defeat by the Genoese the Venetians had experienced considerable difficulty in governing the little island, owing to the independent spirit of the Curzolani, who at times rose in open rebellion and defied their rulers. Count Zorzi, who endeavored to extend his power in the island by making it a hereditary principality, was expelled from the city; and upon endeavoring, with the aid of his armed followers, to reinstate himself, he was defeated, losing his standard, and receiving many wounds. Nothing daunted, this sturdy warrior encamped within sight of the strong walls of the town, raising for his standard the bloody bandages from his wounded limbs, and engaging the country

people in his support, eventually regained and held the city.

The walls of the old town, although now torn down in many places, still give evidence of their former strength, and some of the great stone bastions still look as grim and formidable as they must have done when Ujiz-Ali, the Turkish corsair, came sailing into the harbor one fine morning, purposing to sack and burn the town. The Venetian governor, hearing of the prospective visit of the corsair, had discreetly withdrawn his garrison and fled to Zara; but the cunning people of Curzola, not being minded to give over their city to the Turks to be pillaged and despoiled, arrayed all the women and many children of the place in armor, and made such a brave showing on the walls and battlements that the corsair, thinking the garrison too strong for him, sailed away, after firing a few cannon-balls, which are still preserved in the old city as souvenirs of his visit.

Curzola has also had a taste of British rule. The English took the town in 1813 and held it until 1815, when, with the rest of Dalmatia, it was ceded to Austria. The old fort crowning the hill at the back of the town and commanding the harbor is a relic of the English occupation. For the sight-seer the resources of Curzola are not great. There are some quaint and pretty bits of architecture, and curiously carved gargoyles jutting out from the eaves over the narrow streets, and in the piazza there is a diminutive Venetian column bearing a dilapidated and shamefaced-looking lion. When you have visited the old cathedral, and have been led by a circuitous route to a little court-yard to inspect a curious bronze door-knocker which is held in great esteem by the citizens, you have exhausted the stock sights of the town.

From Curzola to Ragusa is something over fifty miles. Our steamer stops at Gravosa, the modern port, some two miles above the walls of the ancient republic, for the harbor of Ragusa itself affords but little protection from the stormy Adriatic. The drive to the old city from the fine harbor of Gravosa on a May morning is one of the most beautiful in the world. The road, skirting the sea all the way, is perfumed by gardens in full bloom, and great masses of roses hanging over old stone walls and iron gateways. Figs, date-palms, olives, and agaves are all in luxuriant foliage; and below, dashing against the gray cliffs, is the beautiful blue water of the Adriatic, so clear you can see the dark rocks twenty feet below the surface, and the darting bodies of the fish in the shallows.

Presently you come to a piazza thickly shaded with mulberry-trees, and having a low stone wall at one end on the cliff overlooking the sea. A little beyond the piazza rise the massive walls of the old town, and crossing the moat, you enter the Porta Pille—a gateway in one of the great bastions—and a winding way descending between the great stone walls leads you into the Corso, the principal street of Ragusa.

Old Ragusa has seen many vicissitudes. Founded by Roman refugees, for a long period it flourished under Byzantine rule and protection, and had grown strong enough within its moats and walls to withstand a fifteen months' siege by the Saracens in the ninth century. Its old houses were built for the most part of wood from the pine forests of Mount Sergius, which rises behind it, formerly so thickly wooded as to bestow upon the city the Illyric name of Dubrovnik, or "woody"—a misnomer to-day, as the mountain has been shorn of its forests for centuries.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the "Black Death" visited the old town, and numbered for its victims eleven thousand citizens—more than the entire population of the city to-day. A relic of this scourge is preserved in S. Biagio in the shape of an old crucifix which was vowed at that time, and S. Biagio itself, the votive church, was built as a memorial of the terrible visitation. After the city had recovered somewhat from this sore blow the present enormous fortifications were built, and again Ragusa entered on a prosperous career, which attained its height in the early part of the sixteenth century, when the commerce of the old city had been extended to all the principal ports of the Mediterranean, and its argosies sailed even beyond the Pillars of Hercules. (The word argosy, or ragosy, is said to have meant originally a ship of Ragusa.) Then came the earthquakes, which did such damage to the city and were such a menace to the safety of the inhabitants that the good citizens carved the letters I. H. S. over their stone doorways as a sort of Passover mark or supplication to Providence for protection. Before the shocks of the earthquakes had ceased came the plague of 1526, during which twenty thousand citizens died. Then their misfortunes ceased, only to be repeated in the next century by the great earthquake of 1667, which destroyed almost all the buildings of the town, over five thousand citizens perishing in the ruins.

In addition to all these calamities Ragusa had many battles to fight, not only for itself, but for the more powerful and ambitious states of Hungary and Austria, which pressed the small republic into their service, and hundreds of Ragusan galleys and thousands of Ragusan lives were sacrificed in fighting battles that were not their own, so that, taking all things into consideration, it speaks well for the vitality of the old town that there is anything remaining of it to-day to tell the tale of its long struggle against its varied misfortunes.

One of the first places of interest after coming within the walls of Ragusa is Mala Braća, the old Franciscan church and convent, with its fine cloister and brown-robed monks, and near by is an old Venetian fountain or reservoir, where the water, led into the city through pipes laid to the hills behind, was stored. The Corso, which is surprisingly broad and straight for a Dalmatian city, is made picturesque by the many little open shops, after the manner of Oriental bazars, where Albanian tailors sit cross-legged, working gay embroidered patterns on the scarlet waistcoats and gorgeous jackets worn by the country people about here. Silversmiths are at work on filigree ornaments for the women, or buttons for the jackets of the men. Shop windows hung with cheap silk scarfs and gay prints of brilliant colors attract the country people, with whom the streets are filled. The most picturesque of these peasants are the Canalesi women, with their peculiar white head-dresses and gorgeous jackets richly embroidered in gold and silver, and their gay-colored *torbas*, a sort of exaggerated reticule, which they invariably carry with them, slung over their shoulders by their drawing-strings. The men from the same district wear the full Turkish costume—blue trousers, red fezzes, and short jackets elaborately embroidered. The Canali, where these gorgeously attired peasants live, was formerly Suttorino, a Turkish enclave. At the end of the Corso is the clock-tower, where a bronze knight in armor stands beside the great bell, sledge in hand, ready to strike the alarm and assemble the citizens of the town which he guards in the piazza below him. Here is also the church of S. Biaglo, the patron saint of the city, and in front of its door is the statue of Orlando, erected to commemorate the independence of Ragusa. From the stone pillar behind the statue the herald, with a flare of trumpets, used to announce the decrees of the judges to the assembled citizens, and in front of the statue condemned criminals were executed. Beyond is the interesting Palazzo Communale, formerly the Rector's Palace, which, although almost entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1667, has been restored, and still preserves much of the curious and well-wrought stone-carving with which it was adorned. Still further along is the Piazza dell' Erbe, a busy and picturesque square, especially on market-days, when it is enlivened by the gay costumes of the Canalesi, and a mixture of variously costumed peasants from over the mountains—turbaned Bosnians and Herzegovinians, and tall, fierce-looking Montenegrins, with their picturesque long white coats and red and black caps.

Retracing our steps for a short distance, we find a way which leads to the outer fortification on the harbor. Here, as on the other side of the city, the tremendous walls and massive bastions, which seem to have been built for all time, impress you with the former strength of the old city. In the drainage holes left in the walls by the old builders thousands of pigeons have built their nests, and their metallic breasts, shining in the sunlight from every niche, emphasize the peace that has settled upon these old fortifications after the centuries of battle and siege that they have withstood. Beyond the outer gate of the fortifications runs the highroad to Trebinje, in the Herzegovina. If you follow this for about two miles it will bring you to a point high up above the sea, where you can command a beautiful view of old Ragusa, with its triple walls and great moat dividing it from the mountain, which rises so precipitously in its rear that even the highroad has no room to pass outside the walls, but must enter the gates and pass through the town to reach the further side.

A little way out in the blue water lies the green-bowered island of La Croma, at one time the property of Prince Rudolph, but now restored by the Austrian crown to the Dominican monks, whose ancient monastery, transformed into an imperial château during the tenure of the Austrian crown, was founded by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, narrowly escaping shipwreck in these waters, built a chapel on this island, where he first touched his foot to dry land.

On a bare isolated rock towards the north of Ragusa towers the grim old fortress of San Lorenzo; and beyond, on a little point stretching into the sea, is the luxuriant garden of the Conte Pozza, with its bowers of roses and wealth of tropical vegetation. Further on, towards the northwest, a little group of rocky islands, which turn to purple shadows in the sunset, lift their heads above the sea. Nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful view, and nowhere in the world is there a more perfect example of an old mediæval town, with it ancient walls and great battlements, deep moats and strong towers, adding so much to the charm of the scene.

THE NEW ORLEANS LEVEE RIOT.

The riot on the levee at New Orleans on March 12th, resulting in the death of five men and the serious wounding of more than twelve others, was the culmination of a combined racial and labor quarrel that has been of a threatening character since last October. The places of white screwmen and longshoremen had been filled by negroes after the breach between the ship agents and the labor unions had become too great to admit of a compromise. On the morning of the 12th an armed mob of about 300 men moved through the fog to the levee and began a fusillade with Winchester rifles that resulted in the death or disablement of nearly a score of negroes and the serious wounding of J. A. Bain, purser of the British ship *Engineer*. The police of New Orleans were almost powerless in the presence of the well-armed and carefully organized rioters, who did their lawless work with a precision and thoroughness that indicated perfect preparation and clever leadership. The massacre was the crowning outrage of a long series of acts of violence that had practically paralyzed the maritime commerce of New Orleans.

The hesitation displayed by Mayor Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, in taking firm measures to suppress the violence on the levee has been the occasion for much unfavorable comment. The tangle of racial, labor, and political animosities in New Orleans is so complicated that it is difficult to place the responsibility for the recent riots where it belongs, but the leading newspapers of that city express regret that Mayor Fitzpatrick hesitated to act firmly until after cold-blooded murder had followed a long series of outrages.

Three years ago New Orleans was delivered from serious labor troubles by the prompt and energetic action of Governor Foster. His presence in New Orleans after the massacre of March 12th, and his immediate issuance of orders calling out the troops, resulted in the restoration of peace on the levee. With armed men stationed in the city, determined to maintain order, New Orleans has been comparatively quiet for some time past.

The outlook for the future is not especially promising, however. Three battalions of infantry and a battery of artillery, six hundred and fifty men in all, are still under arms on the levee. The militia will be kept on duty indefinitely. There is no break in the ranks of the labor organizations that protest against the employment of non-union men on the levee, and what would be the result if the troops were removed is problematical.

THE LOSS OF THE "REINA REGENTE."

The loss of the Spanish cruiser *Reina Regente* in the Atlantic, off the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, probably on March 11th, has unusual interest for Americans from the fact that she brought over in tow from Spain the caravel *Santa Maria*, and was one of the most conspicuous vessels at the great naval review in New York Harbor in April, 1893. She left Tangier on March 10th for a short run to Cadiz. The wreck is reported to have been found by a Spanish war-ship, sent out to look for her, thirty-seven miles northwest of Tarifa, with her two military masts protruding from the water. There were more than four hundred persons on board the cruiser, and no bodies have been discovered. It is probable that all were lost. A British steamer, the *Magfair*, has reported seeing her in distress on March 11th, with both funnels and bridge gone, but as she asked for no assistance, none was offered. A violent storm prevailed.

"REINA REGENTE."

The *Reina Regente* was notable for the fact that when she made her trial trip in 1889 she made a record of 20.6 knots, an unheard-of speed in those days for a war-ship. She was also practically the model for our armored cruiser *Olympia*, one of the best vessels in our new navy. She carried four 9.45-inch guns as her main armament, and was probably the heaviest-armed vessel in the naval review here. She was 320 feet long, had twin screws, was of 4800 tonnage, and 12,000 horse-power. She seemed unusually solid and strong, and it is difficult to believe that she went down except through some collision or gross carelessness in seamanship.

THE "ALLIANÇA" INCIDENT.

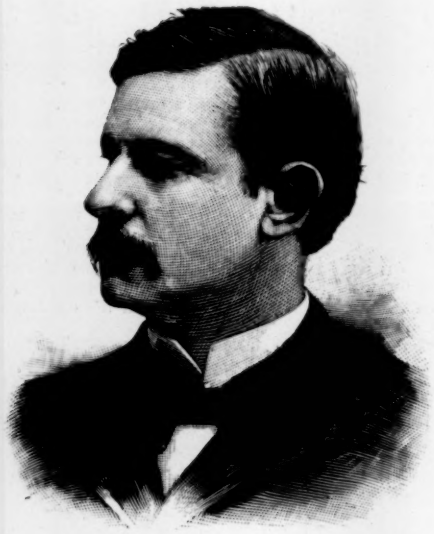
On March 12th the steamship *Alliança*, of the Columbian steamship line, plying between New York and Colon, came into New York Harbor, and Captain James A. Crossman, her commander, had an indignant story to tell of an alleged insult to the American flag by an unknown Spanish man-of-war. He said that on the morning of March 5th, while passing through the Windward Passage, between Cuba and Haiti, at a distance of six miles from the Cuban shore, a Spanish war-ship headed toward them from Cuba, and after courteously answering the salutes of the *Alliança*, fired two guns at her, ordering her to stop. Captain Crossman said he recognized the right of no vessel to stop him arbitrarily on the high seas, and he gave orders to crowd on full steam. He drew away from the man-of-war, having the faster ship, and then the Spaniard fired three solid shots at his vessel, all of them falling one-eighth of a mile short of his craft. Then came a chase which lasted for twenty-five miles, after which the war-ship withdrew.

Instantly a clamor arose throughout the country. Within forty-eight hours the affair passed from the status of a "diplomatic incident" to that of a one-sided "international controversy." Captain Crossman wrote to Secretary of State Gresham, and the State Department wrote back asking for affidavits and a chart, and at the same time sent a message to Minister Taylor demanding an explanation from Spain. Although no affidavits had been filed with the State Department, Mr. Gresham decided that the occasion justified the use of these words: "This government will expect a prompt disavowal of the unauthorized act, and due expression of regret on the part of Spain, and it must insist that immediate and positive orders be given to Spanish naval commanders not to interfere with legitimate American commerce passing through that channel [the Windward Passage], and prohibiting all acts wantonly imperilling life and property lawfully under the flag of the United States."

Mr. Gresham contended that the Windward Passage

EMILIO DE MURUAGA,
Spanish Minister to the United States.—Photo. by Bell.

CAPTAIN JAMES A. CROSSMAN,
Commander of the Steamship *Alliança*.

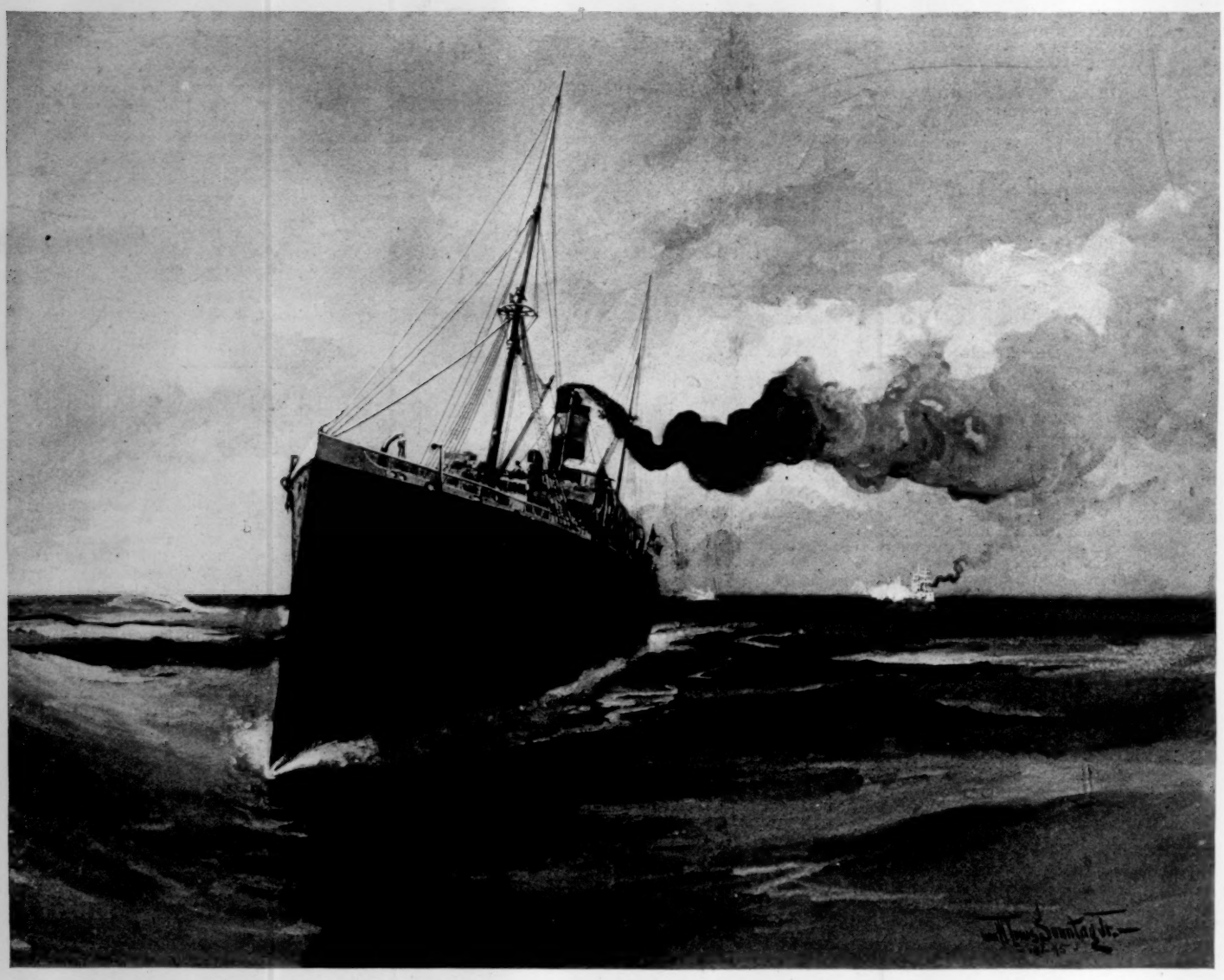


HANNIS TAYLOR,
United States Minister to Spain.

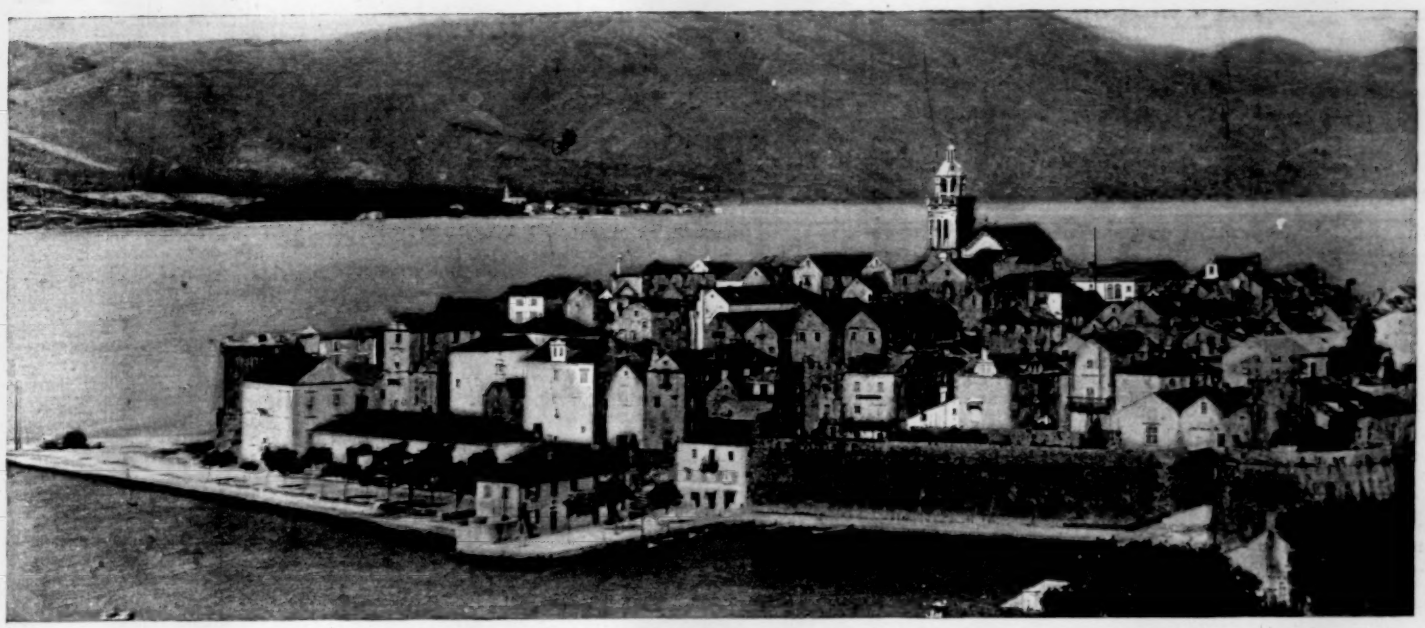
is the "natural and usual highway" between the United States and ports in the Caribbean Sea. Before Mr. Gresham sent this demand Minister Muruaga, representing Spain in this country, called at the State Department, and said there must be some mistake, and that Spain would disavow the act if Captain Crossman's story should prove to be true. The day after the demand was sent the Spanish minister, too, became agitated. He declared that he thought Captain Crossman's story a fabrication, talked of "dreams" on the part of the captain, and spoke freely to reporters, openly criticising Secretary Gresham's action. He had cabled to the Captain-General of Cuba; nothing was known of the incident there. He hinted at sea-serpent yarns, and for three days kept up denials and criticisms.

On March 17th the President returned from a hunting expedition in North Carolina, and it was announced that he approved Mr. Gresham's action. Meanwhile the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced to the Spanish Cortes that a "courteous remonstrance" had been received from the United States regarding the affair. In the debate that followed several members of the Cortes declared that Spain had sovereign right over her own waters; but the Spanish government promised that a "full inquiry" would be made into the matter, and that response, with an intimation of a disavowal of the act, was cabled to Secretary Gresham by Minister Taylor.

Meantime no corroboration of Captain Crossman's assertions had come. On March 18th, however, the Spanish gunboat *Conde de Venedito* arrived at Havana, and the captain reported the incident. The merchant vessel was heading for Cape Maysi, this captain said, and was within a mile and a half of the Cuban shore. There being a state of insurrection in Cuba, he ordered her to stop. When she refused he fired two solid shots—not three, as Captain Crossman reported—with no intention of hitting the *Alliança*, and then gave chase, which finally he had to give up. He then made the surprising statement that the vessel toward which he fired raised a British flag, which brought a hot denial from Captain Crossman. Minister Muruaga by this time had ceased to talk; the *Alliança* sailed for Colon, intending to pass through the Windward Passage again. Secretary Herbert decided not to order the cruiser *Columbia* to stop at Havana, as he had planned, on her way to join the West Indian squadron. The affair after that dropped to one of diplomatic routine over the discussion of Spain's right to search vessels in Cuban waters when a state of quasi or actual insurrection existed in Cuba or at any other time. Despite Spain's declaration of apparent sincere intentions, the hubbub went on in this country, and that is how the affair became a "one-sided" international controversy.

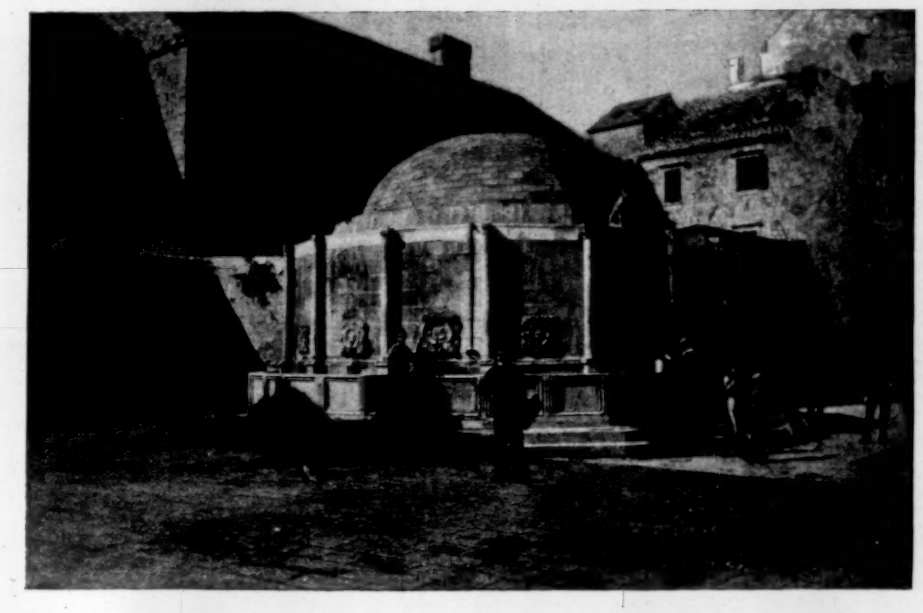


THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "ALLIANÇA," FIRED UPON BY THE SPANISH CRUISER "CONDE DE VENADITO."
The Cruiser firing the third Shot.—Drawn by W. L. Sonntag, Jun., from Descriptions given him by Captain Crossman, of the *Alliança*.



THE OLD CITY OF CURZOLA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF CURZOLA.

A CANALESE WOMAN.



RAGUSA—FOUNTAIN INSIDE THE PORTA PILLE.

RAGUSA.

ALONG THE DALMATIAN COAST—THE CITIES OF CURZOLA AND RAGUSA.—[See Page 294.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

À LA LANTERNE.

FOR, of all the things that had happened since I left the committee-room, the Captain's death remained the one most real and most deeply bitten into my mind. He had shared with me the walk from the inn to the garden, and the petty annoyances that had then filled my thoughts. He had faced them out bravely with me; and this late association, and the picture of him as he had walked beside me, full of life and coarse wrath, rose up now and cried out against his death—cried out that it was impossible; so that it seemed horrible to me and unnatural; so that I shook with fear, and loathed the man whose hand had done it.

And in another way it affected me. I had known Hugues barely forty-eight hours; my liking for him was but an hour born; but I had his story. I could follow him going about to borrow that small sum of money; I could trace the hopes he had built on it; I could see him coming here, full of honest courage, believing that he had found an opening; a man strong, confident, looking forward, full of plans. And then, of all, this was the end! He had hoped, he had planned, and on the other side of the Cathedral he lay stark—stark and dead on the grass.

All this seemed so sad and pitiful; I had the man so vividly in my mind that I scarcely gave a thought to the St. Alais' danger and escape, which with our hasty flight had passed like a dream. I was content to listen a moment at the church door; and then, satisfied that the murmur of the crowd was dying in the distance and that the city was quiet, I thanked the curate again and warmly, and taking leave of him, in my turn walked up the passage.

This was so still that it echoed my footsteps; and presently I began to think this silence odd. I began to wonder why the mob, which a few minutes before had shown itself so vindictive, had not found its way round, and why the neighborhood had become on a sudden so still. A few paces would show, however. I hastened my steps, and in a moment stood in the market-place.

To my astonishment, it lay sunny, quiet, deserted; a dog ran here and there with tail high, nosing among the garbage; a few old women were at the stalls, on the farther side; about as many people were busy putting up shutters and closing shops. But the crowd which had filled the place so short a time before, the queue about the corn measures, the white cockades, all were gone. I stood astonished.

For a moment only. Then, in place of the silence which had prevailed between the high walls in the narrow passage, a dull sound, distant and heavy, began to tell me tales; a sullen roar, as of breakers falling on the beach. I started, and listened. A moment more and I was across the square and at the door of the inn. I darted into the passage and up the stairs, my heart beating fast.

Here too I had left a crowd, in the passages and on the stairs; not a man remained. The house seemed to be dead, at noonday, with the sun shining outside. I saw no one, heard no one, as I passed up, until I flung open the door of the room in which I had left the committee and entered. Here at last I found life, but the same silence.

Round the table were some dozen of the members of the committee. They started, like men detected in something of which they were ashamed, and stared at me open-mouthed, some sitting sullenly with scowling faces, and elbows on the table, others stooping to their neighbors' ears to whisper or listen. I noticed that many were pale, and all gloomy; and though the room was light, and hot noon poured in through three windows, a something grim in the silence and the air of expectation which prevailed struck a chill to my heart.

Father Benoît was not of them; but Buton was, and the lawyer, and the grocer, and the two gentlemen, and one of the two curés, and Doury—the last named pale and cringing, with fear sitting heavily on him. I might have thought, at a first glance round, that nothing which had happened outside was known to them; that they were ignorant alike of the duel and the riot; but a second assured me that they knew all, and more than I did; so many of them, when they had once met my eyes, looked away.

"What has happened?" I asked, standing half-way between the door and the long table.

"Don't you know, monsieur?"

"No," I muttered, staring at them. Even here that distant murmur filled the air.

"But you were at the duel, M. le Vicomte?"

The speaker was Buton. "Yes," I said, nervously.

"But what of that? I saw M. le Marquis safe on his way home, and I thought that the crowd had dispersed. Now—"

"You fancy that you still hear them?" he said, smiling.

"Yes; and I fear that they are doing mischief."

"We are afraid of that too," the smith answered, dryly, setting his elbows on the table and looking at me coolly. "And it is not impossible."

Then I understood. I caught Doury's eye—which would have escaped mine—and read it there. The hooting of the distant crowd rose more loudly on the summer stillness. As it did so, faces round the table grew grayer, lips were more tightly compressed; some trembled and looked down. I began to see, to understand. "My God!" I cried, trembling myself. "Is no one going to do anything, then? Are you going to sit here while these demons work their will? While houses are sacked, and women and children—"

"Why not?" Buton said.

"Why not?" I cried.

"Ay, why not?" he answered, sternly, and I began to see that he dominated the others—that he would not and they dared not. "We went about to keep the peace, and see that others kept it. But your white cockades, your soldierless officers, M. le Vicomte—I speak without offence—would not have it. They undertook to bully us, and unless they learn a lesson now they will bully us again. No, M. le Vicomte," he continued, looking round him with a hard smile—already power had changed him—"let the people have their way for half an hour, and—"

"The people?" I cried. "Are the rascals and sweepings of the streets, the jail-birds, beggars, and forçats of the town—are they the people?"

"No matter," he said, frowning.

"But this is murder!"

Two or three shivered, and some looked sullenly from me, but the blacksmith only shrugged his shoulders. I was going to say more, to try threats, even prayers; but before I could speak, the man nearest to the window raised his hand for silence, and we heard the distant riot sink, and, in the momentary quiet which followed, the sharp report of a gun ring out, succeeded by another and another. Then a roar of rage, distinct, articulate, full of menace.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" I cried, looking round, while I trembled with indignation, "I cannot stand this! Will no one act? Will no one do anything? There must be some authority. There must be some one to curb this canaille, or presently —I warn you, I warn you all, that they will cut your throats also—yours, M. l'Avoué, and yours, Doury!"

"There was some one, and he is dead," Buton answered. The rest of the committee fidgeted gloomily.

"And could he alone—"

"They killed him," the smith said, bluntly. "They must take the consequences."

"They?" I cried, in a passion of wrath and pity. "Ay, and you! I tell you that you are using this scum of the people to crush your enemies, but presently they will crush you too."

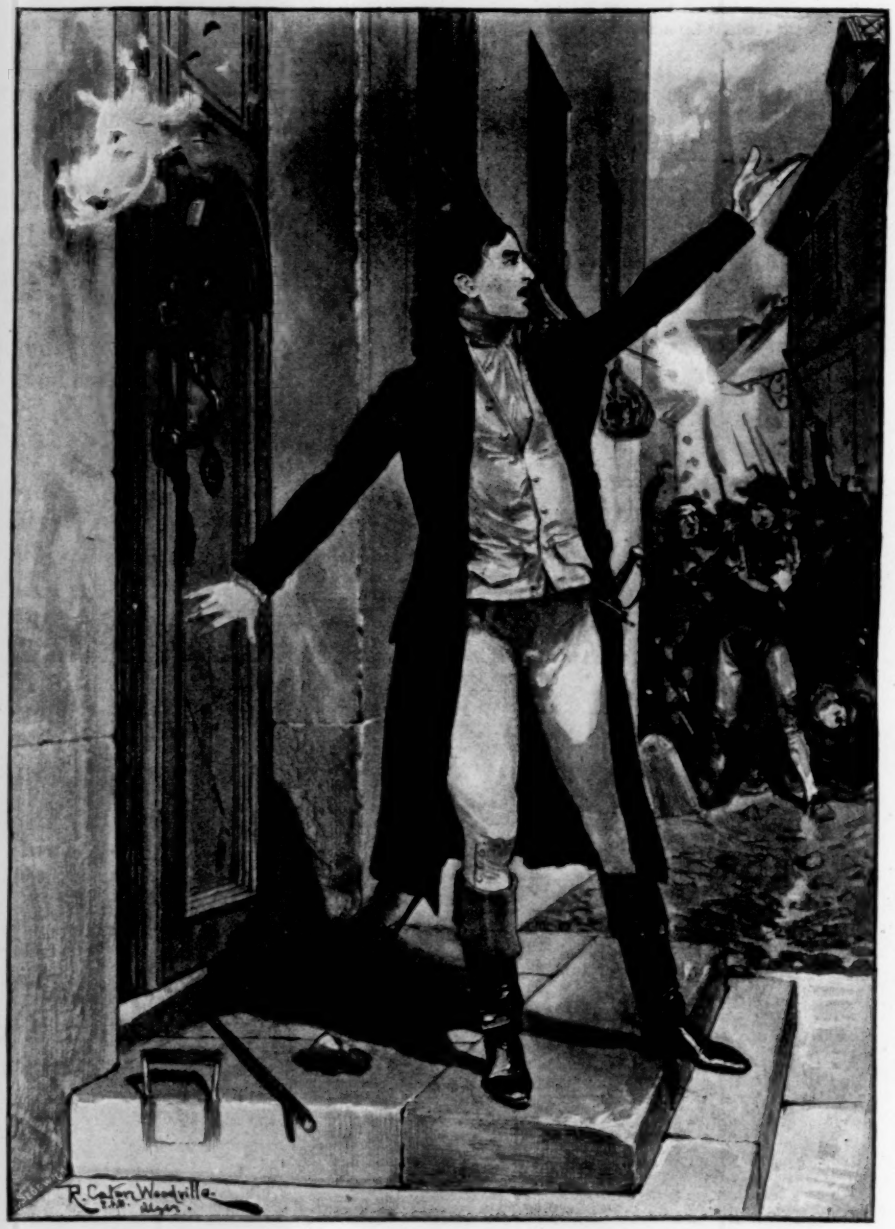
Still no one spoke, no one answered me; no eyes met mine; and then I saw how it was, that nothing I could say would move them, and I turned without another word and ran down the stairs. I knew already, I could guess, whither the crowd had gone, and whence came the shouting and the shots; and the moment I reached the square I turned in the direction of the St. Alais' house and ran through the streets—through streets, under windows from which women looked down, white and curious, past neat green blinds of modern houses, past a few staring groups; ran on, with all about me smiling and still, but always with that murmur in my ears, and at my heart grim fear.

They were sacking the St. Alais' house! And mademoiselle! And madame! The thought of them had come to me late, I had been dense and slow to understand, but, now it had come, it was not to be displaced. It gripped my heart and seemed to stop it. Had I saved mademoiselle only for this? Had I risked all to save her from the frenzied peasants, only that she might fall into the more cruel hands of these maddened wretches, these sweepings of the city?

It was a dreadful thought; for I loved her, and knew, as I ran, that I loved her. Had I not discovered it before, I must have known it now by the very measure of agony which the thought of that horror caused me. The distance from the Trois Rois to the house was barely four hundred yards, but it seemed infinite to me. It seemed an age before I stopped, breathless and panting, on the verge of the crowd, and strove to see, across the plain of heads, what was happening in front.

In a moment I made out enough to relieve me, however, and breathed more freely. The crowd had not yet won its will. It filled the street on either side of the St. Alais' house from wall to wall; but in front of the house itself a space was still kept clear by the fire of those within. Now and again a man or a knot of men would spring out of the ranks of the mob, and darting across this open space to the door, would strive to beat it in with axes and bars, and even with their hands; but always there came a puff of smoke from the shuttered and loop-holed windows, and a second and a third, and the men fell back, or sank down on the stones, and lay bleeding in the sunshine.

It was a terrible sight. The wild-beast rage of the mob as they watched their leaders fall, yet dared not make the rush *en masse* which must carry the place, was enough to appall the stoutest; but when to this and their fiendish cries were added other sounds as horrid, the screams of the wounded and the rattle of musketry—for some of the mob had arms, and were firing from neighboring houses at the St. Alais' windows—the effect was appalling. I do not know why, but the sunshine, and the tall white houses which formed the street, and the neat surroundings seemed to aggravate the bloodshed, so that for a while the whole—the writhing crowd, the open space with its wounded, the ugly cries and curses and shots—seemed unreal. I, who had come hot-foot to risk all, hesitated; if this was Cahors, if this was the quiet town I had known all my life, things had come to a pass indeed. If not, I was dreaming.



"'I TAKE POSSESSION!' I CRIED, HOARSELY."

But this was a thought too wild to be entertained for more than a few seconds; it passed, and with a groan I thrust myself into the press, bent desperately on getting through and reaching the open space, though what I should do when I got there I had not considered. I had scarcely moved, however, when some one gripped me by the arm, and clinging obstinately to me, held me back. I turned to resent the action with a blow, for I was almost beside myself; but the man was Father Benoît, and my hand fell. I caught hold of him with a cry of joy, and he drew me back out of the press.

His face was pale and full of grief and consternation; yet by a wonderful chance I had found him, and I hoped. "You can do something!" I cried, gripping his hand hard. "The committee will not act. This is murder! Murder, man!"

"What can I do?" he wailed; and he threw up his other hand with a gesture of despair.

"Speak to them."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"Speak to them?" he answered. "Will mad dogs stand when you speak to them? Or will mad dogs listen? How can you get to them? Where can you speak to them? It is impossible. It is impossible. They would kill their fathers if they stood between them and vengeance."

I stared at him in horror. "Then what will you do?" I cried, passionately. "What will you do?"

He shook his head; and I saw that he meant nothing, that he would do nothing. And my soul revolted. "You must! You shall!" I cried, fiercely. "You have raised this devil, and you must lay him! Are these the liberties about which you have talked to us? Are these the people for whom you have pleaded? Answer—answer me, what you will do!" I cried. And I shook him furiously.

He covered his face with his hand. "God forgive us!" he said. "God help us!"

I looked at him for the first and only time in my life with contempt—with rage. "God help you?" I cried. I was beside myself. "God helps those who help themselves. You have brought this about! You! You! You have preached this! Now mend it!"

He trembled and was silent. Unsupported by my passion, in face of the brute rage of the people, his courage sank.

"Now mend it!" I repeated.

"I cannot get to them," he muttered.

"Then I will make a way for you!" I cried, madly, recklessly. "Follow me! Do you hear that noise? Well, we will play a part in it."

A dozen shots had been fired almost in a volley. We could not see the result, nor what was passing, but the sound of the hoarse roar of the mob intoxicated me. I cried to him to follow, and rushed into the press.

But again he caught and stayed me, clinging to me with a stubbornness which would not be denied. "If you will go, go through the houses. Go through the opposite houses," he muttered in my ear.

I had sense enough, when he had spoken twice, to understand him and comply. I let him lead me out, and in a moment we had turned aside out of the press, and were hurrying through an alley at the back of the houses that faced the St. Alais' mansion. We were not the first to go that way; some of the more active of the rioters had had the idea before us, and gone by this path to the windows whence they were firing.

We found two or three of the doors open, therefore, and heard the excited cries and curses of the men who had taken possession. I chose the first door, and passing quickly by a huddled panic-stricken group of women and children—probably the occupants of the house—who were clustered about it, I went straight through to the street door.

Two or three ruffianly men with smoke-grimed faces were firing through a window in the ground floor, and one of these, looking behind him at the moment, saw me. He called to me to stop, adding with an oath that if I went into the street I should be shot by the aristocrats.

But in my excitement I took no heed of him. In a second I had opened the door, and was standing in the street alone—alone in the sunny cleared space: on either side of me, at a distance of fifty paces, the close ranks of the mob; in front of me the white blind face of the St. Alais' house, from which, even as I appeared, there came a little spit of smoke and the bang of a musket.

The crowd, astonished to see me there alone and standing still, fell silent. I held up my hand. A gun went off above my head, and another, and a splinter flew from one of the green shutters opposite. Then a voice from the crowd cried out to cease firing, and for a moment all was still. I stood in the midst of a hot breathless hush, with my hand raised. It was my opportunity; I had got it by a miracle. But for a moment I could find no words.

At last, when a low murmur was beginning to make itself heard, I spoke.

"Men of Cahors," I cried, "in the name of the tricolor, stand!"

And trembling with agitation, acting on the impulse of the instant, I walked slowly across the street to the door of the besieged house, and, under the eyes of all, took the tricolor from my bosom and hung it on the knocker of the door. Then I turned. "I take possession," I cried, hoarsely, at the top of my voice, that all might hear, "of this house and all that are in it, in the name of the tricolor, and the nation, and the Committee of Cahors. Those within shall be tried, and justice done upon them. But for you, I call upon you to depart, and go to your homes in peace, and the Committee—"

I got no farther. With the word a shot whizzed by my ear and struck the plaster from the wall; and then, as if the sound had released again all the passions of the people, a roar of indignation shook the air. They hissed and swore at me, yelled, "À la lanterne!" and, "À bas le traître!" and at last burst their bounds. As if some invisible flood-gates had given way, the mob on either side rushed suddenly forward, and rolling towards the door in a solid mass, were in an instant upon me.

I expected that I should be torn to pieces, but instead I was only buffeted and flung aside and forgotten, and in a moment was lost in the struggling, writhing mass of men, who flung themselves pell-mell upon the door, and fell over one another, and wounded one another in the fury with which they attacked it. Men injured earlier were trodden under foot now, but no one staid for their cries. Twice a gun was fired from the house, and each shot took effect; but the press was so great, and the fury of the assailants as they swarmed round the door so blind, that those who were hit sank down unobserved, and perished under their companions' feet.

Thrust against the iron railings that flanked the door, I clung to them, and partly protected from the pressure by a pillar of the porch, managed with difficulty to keep my place. I could not move, however; I could not escape if I would; the crowd surged round me, while I waited in dizzy, sickening horror for the crisis. It came at last. The panels of the door, riven and shattered, gave way; the foremost sprang at the gaps. Yet still the frame, held

"WHICH OF YOU WILL GO TO HELL FOR THE REST?"

by one hinge, stood, and kept them out. As that yielded at last under their blows, and the door fell inward with a crash, I flung myself into the stream, and was carried into the house among the foremost; fortunately—for several fell—on my feet.

I had thought that I might outpace the others, and getting first to the rooms upstairs, might at least fight for mademoiselle if I could not save her. For I had caught the infection of the mob; my blood was on fire. There was no one in all the crowd more set to kill than I was now. I raced in, therefore, with the rest; but when I reached the foot of the stairs, I saw, and they saw, that which stopped us all.

It was M. de Gontaut, lifted in that moment of extreme danger above himself. He stood alone on the stairs, looking down on the invaders and smiling—smiling, with everything of senility and frivolity gone from his face, and only the courage of his caste left. He saw his world tottering, the scum and rabble overwhelming it, everything which he had loved and in which he had lived passing. He saw death waiting for him seven steps below him, and he smiled. With his slender sword hanging at his wrist, he tapped his snuff-box and looked down at us; no longer garrulous, feeble, almost—with his old stories of stale intrigues and his pagan creed—contemptible, but steady and proud, with eyes that gleamed with defiance.

"Well, dogs," he said, "will you earn the gallows?"

For a second no one moved. For a second the old noble's presence and fearlessness imposed on the vilest, and they stared up at him, cowed by his eye. Then he stirred. With a quiet gesture, as of a man saluting before a duel, he caught up the hilt of his sword and presented the lowered point. "Well," he said, with bitter scorn, "you have come to do it. Which of you will go to hell for the rest? For I shall take one."

That broke the spell. With a howl a dozen ruffians sprang up the stairs. I saw the bright steel flash once, twice, and one reeled back, and rolled down under his fellows' feet. Then a great bar swept up and fell on the smiling face, and the old noble dropped without a cry or a groan under a storm of blows that in a moment beat the life out of his body.

It was over in a moment, and before I could interfere. The next, a score of men leaped over the corpse and up the stairs with horrid cries, I after them. To the right and left were locked doors, with panels Watteau painted. They dashed these in with brutal shouts, and in a twinkling flooded the splendid rooms, sweeping away and breaking and flinging down in wanton mischief everything that came to hand—vases, statues, glasses, miniatures. With shrieks of triumph they filled the salon that had known for generations only the graces and beauty of life, or clattered over the shining parquets that had been swept so long by fair women's skirts. Everything they could not understand was snatched up and dashed down. In a moment the great Venetian mirrors were shattered, the pictures pierced and torn, the books flung through the windows into the streets.

I had a glimpse of the scene as I paused on the landing. But a moment sufficed to convince me that the fugitives were not in these rooms, and I sprang on and up the next flight. Here, short as had been my delay, I found others before me. As I turned the corner of the stairs I came on three men listening at a door, and before I could reach them one rose. "Here they are!" he cried. "That is a woman's voice. Stand back!" And he lifted a crowbar to beat in the door.

"Hold!" I cried, in a voice that made him drop his weapon. "Hold! In the name of the Committee I command you to leave that door. The rest of the house is yours. Go and plunder it."

The men glared at me. "Sacré ventre!" one of them hissed. "Who are you?"

"The Committee!" I answered.

He cursed me, and raised his hand again.

"Stand back!" I cried, furiously, "or you shall hang!"

"Ho! ho! An aristocrat!" he retorted, raising his voice, "This way, friends, this way! An aristocrat!"

In a moment a score of his fellows came swarming up the stairs. I saw myself in an instant surrounded by grimy pocked faces and scowling eyes, and haggard creatures sprung from the sewers of the town. Another second and they would have laid hands on me, but, desperate and full of rage, I rushed instead on the man with the bar, and snatching it from him, before he guessed my intention, in a twinkling laid him at my feet.

In the act, however, I lost my balance and stumbled over him. Before I could recover myself, one of the other ruffians struck me on the head with his wooden shoe. The blow partially stunned me; still, I got to my feet again and hit out wildly and drove them back, and for a moment cleared the landing round me. But I was dizzy; I saw all now through a red haze; the figures danced before me; I could no longer think or aim, but only hear taunts and jeers on every side. Some one plucked my coat; I turned blindly. In a moment another struck me a crashing blow—how or with what I never knew—and I sank down senseless, and as good as dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SQUADRON DRILLS AT SEA.

BY S. A. STAUNTON, LIEUTENANT UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE new vessels of the navy have been very much in evidence before the people of the United States during the past five or six years, or at least those among the people who live upon the sea or to whom the sea is easily accessible. Since the Squadron of Evolution was formed in 1889, bringing together for the first time a considerable number of these new craft, the popular interest in them has been pronounced, and the popular demand for their presence at sea-coast towns upon occasions of celebration or ceremony has been so pressing as to be sometimes embarrassing to the naval authorities.

Up to that time the black-hulled frigates and corvettes, with lofty masts, and tiers of smooth-bore guns, had meant to the American mind everything conveyed by the term man-of-war; and these new ships, so different in their appearance and appointments, caught the attention of the public at once.

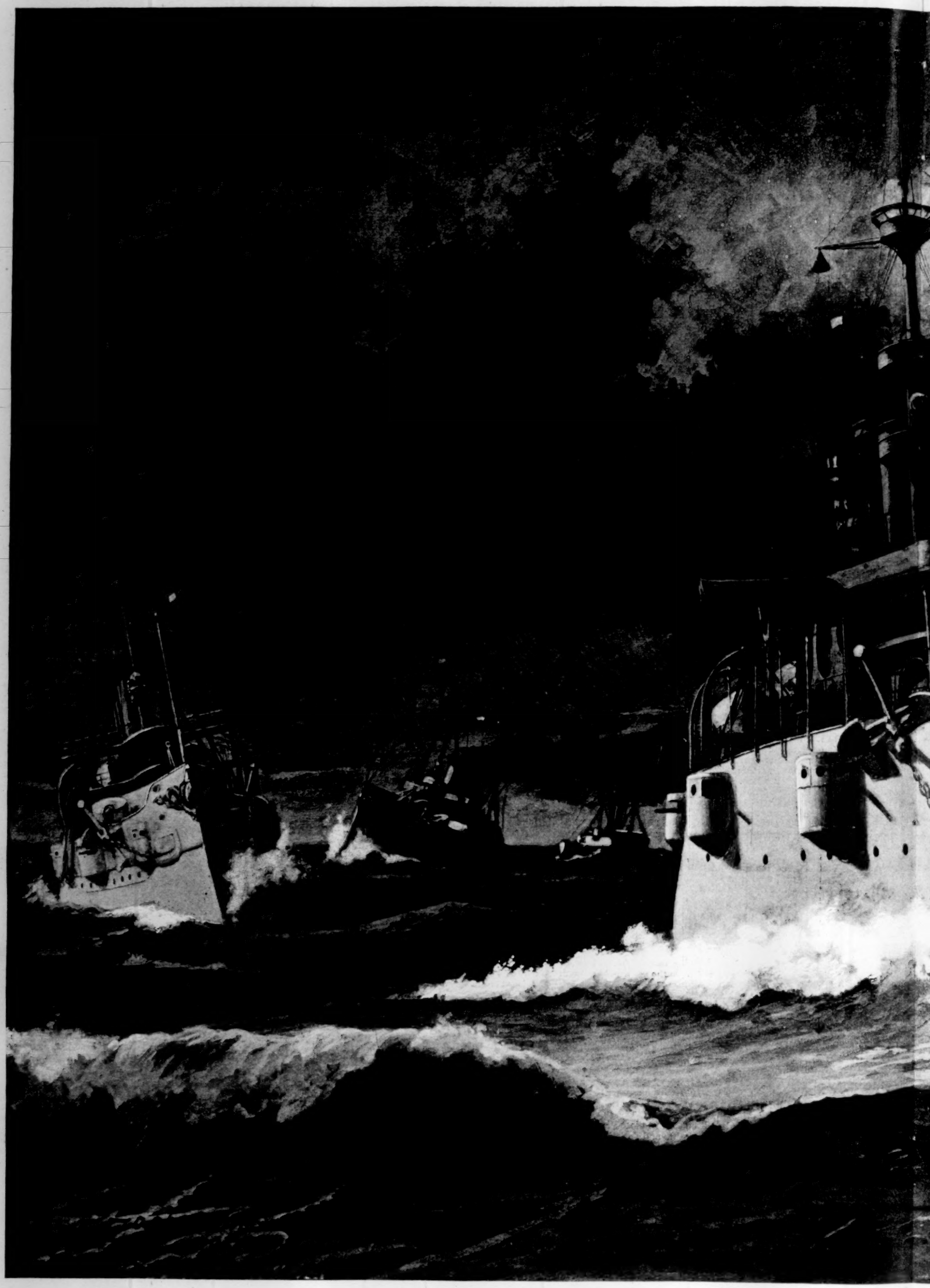
The smooth clean hulls of the new cruisers, their glistening steel weapons, their speed and power, the evidences of strength, both offensive and defensive, which they displayed, their numerous mechanical and scientific appliances, all marked them as fully abreast of the development of this age of steel, and as worthy to maintain the honor of the flag under its new and altered conditions. Once more the navy of the United States seemed equal to any demands that might be made upon it, to be a sure reliance in time of national emergency, a defence in the event of national peril.

But the building of the ships only began the work. A modern war-vessel is a complicated machine, and its usefulness as a destroying agency is a relative matter, varying from the clumsiness of ignorance to the perfect skill of the highest development. It is not enough to put a variety of powerful weapons—guns, torpedoes, the ram—into a steel hull weighing thousands of tons, propelled at the highest speed, and expect that ordinary sailor knowledge will make them immediately valuable. Much more is necessary before such a ship is prepared for battle; much training and discipline, to teach the officers and men not only the employment of the new weapons, but also their wise control in the excitement of action to avoid the unnecessary waste of ammunition—what is now known in military literature as "fire discipline." The tactical qualities of each weapon must be studied and known, and the tactical qualities of the ship herself, most important of all—in what space she can turn: in what distance she can stop; how best to avoid the rush of an enemy, and how to menace him dangerously with one's own ram; how to present one's best-protected angles to the enemy's fire, and how to seek his own most vulnerable bearings. All these are new features of naval seamanship and skill which modern conditions demand, and upon which success in modern action will depend. Discipline and drill in warfare have always been powerfully effective; and the more specialized its forces become, the more exact and deadly its weapons, the more essential are the skill and organization which they produce.

The single ship, then, as a unit of naval strength, must be made thoroughly efficient—well organized, well drilled, her men skilled in marksmanship with guns of all descriptions, her torpedo crews instructed in the use of that weapon, and her engineer's force made capable of getting the vessel up to the last knot of her maximum speed. The officers must know her tactical qualities—not the captain only, but also his lieutenants, any one of whom may succeed to the command during the casualties of battle. All of these accomplishments demand actual practice. None of them can be gained theoretically. The guns must be fired, the torpedoes launched time and again, the ship turned about buoys and floating objects, under the direction of each officer in turn. Like all other valuable knowledge, it is painfully and laboriously acquired.

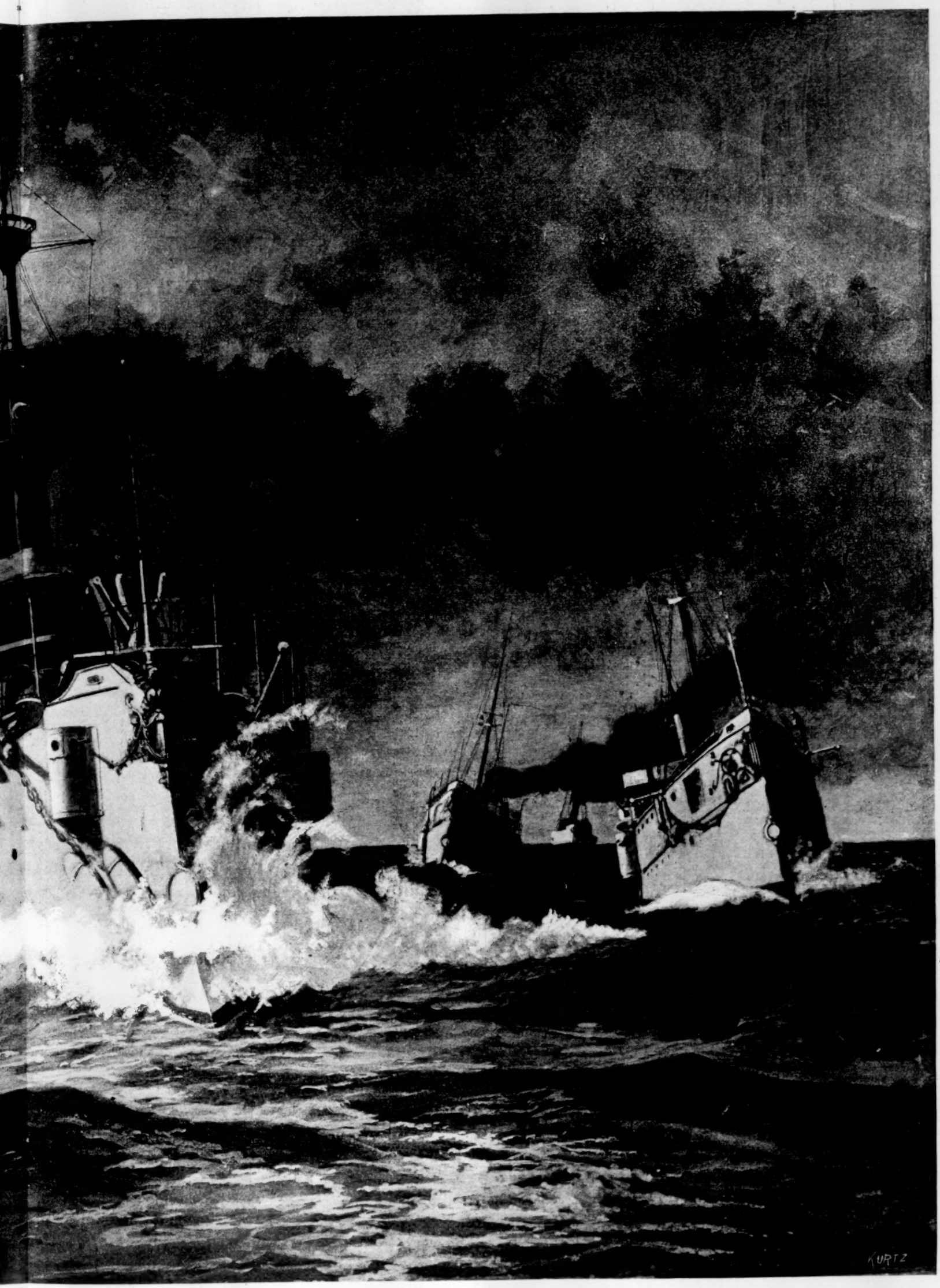
These tactical exercises must also be made a special task; and in no respect does a modern vessel differ more widely from one of the old type than in this. When sails were the motive power the tactical qualities of a vessel were learned in handling her. Every day at sea she was knocked about by the winds and waves, was obliged to tack and wear, and her officers unconsciously became familiar with her behavior under all conditions. They learned in daily practice the evolutions they would employ in action, while knowledge of the evolutions which a modern steamer will employ in action is obtained only by special exercises.

(Continued on page 302.)



Minneapolis. *Columbia.* *Atlanta.* *Ne*

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON—"FORM DOUBLE COLUMN! HEAD



New York. *Cincinnati.* *Montgomery.* *Raleigh.*

HEADS OF DIVISIONS, LEFT TURN!"—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 299.]

...ern man-of-war, having finished this preliminary training, takes her place in a tactical squadron, and her officers enter upon a second and higher stage of their training for battle. Each single ship as a unit has become proficient within her scope, and competent to meet an enemy of her class; she is now merged in a larger organization, where her officers will learn to manœuvre her in concert with other vessels, and to prepare themselves for the more difficult and complicated duties of fleet action. Here the independence of the single ship is lost in the movements of the squadron, and the initiative of her commanding officer is subordinated to the authority of the admiral. Like a regiment in line of battle, she is only a part of a whole, supporting the forces on either side of herself, and being supported by them. Unlike a line of battle on shore, however, which is stationary, or at most moving forward or backward slowly, a squadron in an engagement is moving swiftly over the surface of the sea, and to maintain the integrity of its formation—to avoid opening out or scattering or crowding—requires the highest skill in the management of individual ships. These ships weigh from four thousand to ten thousand tons each. They would be moving at a speed of fifteen knots or more. Their formation must be compact and regular, for at such a speed a mere touch of one to another might be a disabling blow, and if the squadron is scattered by ships' losing distance an alert enemy may find his opportunity. Then the admiral's signals must be looked to. If the vessels change direction, they should change as one. If the admiral desires to change his formation or his front, it must be done without confusion. A captain of a ship in a fleet action has therefore a double duty—first, to employ his own weapons, to the best advantage and to endeavor to avoid those of the enemy; second, to manœuvre his ship with her consorts, obeying and supporting his admiral; and the latter he must do amidst the terrible din, confusion, and destruction of the former. Quick manœuvring must therefore become to him a second nature—something to be done almost unconsciously as a matter of habit, and this habit can be acquired only by long and constant practice. The highest school of naval war in time of peace, that work which solves its problems, and is the best guarantee of future success, is manœuvring vessels in company with others—in professional language, fleet or squadron tactics.

Proficiency in this art has always accompanied naval supremacy. It was so in the galley period, and, much later, during that long period when vessels were propelled by sails alone. The victories of St. Vincent and Nelson were the joint product of their genius and of fleets of unusual mobility and tactical training. With modern vessels of great speed and power, independent of the wind, and armed with weapons of variety and precision, this kind of training and drill is still more valuable—is, in fact, essential. Naval writers of all countries dwell upon its importance, and continually urge that increasing attention be given to it during those times of peace which afford the only real opportunity of preparing for the sharp and decisive wars of modern times.

Mr. Zogbaum's spirited illustration shows Admiral Meade's squadron forming double column to the left flank from column of vessels. Column of vessels is an excellent cruising formation, and double column is considered by some authorities to be a good formation for action. We may suppose Admiral Meade's squadron of cruisers to be a squadron of battle-ships, attended by despatch-boats and cruisers as scouts. The battle-ships are proceeding in column. Suddenly from a scout a dozen miles away on the port beam a signal is made, and repeated by intermediate vessels, that the enemy's fleet is in sight. The battle-ships form double column, as shown in the illustration, and steam in that direction, the flag-ship flying signals to indicate speed, guide, and distance between vessels.

ECCENTRICITY OF CRITICISM.

One of the most curious things about the criticism of literature and art, in general, is that while its practitioners assume it to be a well-defined and almost an exact science, they constantly evolve judgments or opinions which afterwards are by common consent pronounced erroneous. Not only this, but, with a confidence as of supreme lawgivers, yet without citing any authority, they put forth sweeping statements which are sometimes inaccurate. Nor do they hesitate to distort the meaning of authors and artists, or to attribute to them ideas and aims never entertained or contemplated by them.

A notable instance of erroneous judgment was that of the astute reviewer who, in commenting on Thomas Campbell's ballad of "Hohenlinden," said, "It is evident that poetry is not Mr. Campbell's forte." Should a slight play on words be permitted here, we might observe that if poetry was not Campbell's forte, it certainly proved to be his field, and a victorious one. That the old mood of density and dictatorial narrowness which actuated this astonishing remark about Campbell is not dead, but, on the contrary, is still very much alive, and especially "kicking," is demonstrated by a recent article in the London *Saturday Review* discussing a collection of representative American poems. The all-knowing anonymous author of this article remarks, "The common delusion that there has been a number of great American poets, that there is, indeed, such a thing as American literature, disports itself with unusual pomposity in this volume of selections, edited for the benefit of young Americans."

It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that the pomposity of critical assumption and eccentricity also declares itself very amusingly in this attempt to brush aside pretty nearly the whole of American literature as a figment of the fancy or of national self-esteem.

"In that English literature," he continues, "of which they are merely an offshoot, these American classics appear as, at best, but third rate, while the main body of American verse varies from the fifth to the tenth rate, and is for the most part indistinguishable in smallness." It would be interesting to know just how we are to grade English criticism, and whether we ought to put this particular specimen into the fifth, tenth, or twenty-fifth rate, or relegate it to the department of "indistinguishable smallness." The trouble with some of our English cousins of the quill seems often to be, precisely, that they are galled by the idea of our professing to have any literature of our own. They wish to have it admitted that whatever we have produced is a mere offshoot of British thinking, training, printing, and publishing. If they had a little sound American gumption, which is the same as to say intelligence and logic, they would perceive that if we are an offshoot of Britain, Britain ought to make the most of us, and ought to demonstrate that what we Americans have achieved in literature is a splendid testimony to the vigor of the inspiration we have received from that part of the Old World.

But, instead of doing this, the *Saturday Review*, while assuring us that our putative or imaginary literature is an offshoot of English literature, tells us that it amounts to almost nothing. In respect of two authors, whose names have been held rather high among us, it is willing to make a slight concession. It admits that Holmes and Lowell are "both excellent writers of humorous verse, who deserve a place somewhere between Calverley and Austin Dobson." But as for the rest of our poets: "America has produced a crowd of accomplished versifiers, one or two imperfect writers of verse in whom there is something of the stuff of poetry (Emerson, for instance, whose verse, by its intellectual quality, is unique in its interest), and, in the final result, exactly one poet and a half—that is to say, Poe and Whitman."

One may well doubt whether, in all the broad range of critical eccentricity, any more fantastic specimen of assumption has ever been offered than this.

An interesting trait or symptom of the eccentricity of critics is that they seldom if ever learn anything from the aberrations of their predecessors. In every generation or decade they are apparently just as willing to make the same sort of mistakes. They seem actually to take a sort of pride in perpetuating this trade mystery and faculty of mistaken arrogance or blank unperceptiveness. Not many years ago, when Thomas Hardy—the greatest among the present novelists of England—dawned upon the world with his marvellously acute, racy, original representations of talk and character in simple English country folk, a skilled reviewer in the New York *Nation* patronizingly praised him for these conversations as showing that he had studied George Eliot to good purpose. Yet nothing was more evident then, or is more evident now, than that Hardy's pictures of peasant life, and his renderings of peasant thought and expression, were absolutely original studies at first hand, borrowing nothing from any other writer's work.

Occasionally this tone of resentfulness on the part of American critics towards persons who attempt to produce something new in American literature, drama, or music would seem to hint that they take their cue from the British pessimists who assume that nothing American can be really good, unless it be of the fifth or the tenth rate. The curious propensity, also, of the critic to misunderstand or misinterpret the productive author was illustrated lately by certain writers, who, in speaking of the dramatic poem which I wrote for Mr. Walter Damrosch's opera of *The Scarlet Letter*, attacked an imaginary theory concerning verse intended for music, which theory they attributed to me. One of these writers declares that I hold that "the common laws of rhythm are not binding on the poet" who writes for music. Another says that my verse was made rough and uneven "intentionally, in deference to a theory of Mr. Lathrop's that the ordinary rhythms and metres of verse are not suitable for musical treatment. This theory has the solitary merit of originality."

There is presumably no good reason why an artist should dread being either solitary or original. But, as a matter of fact, I hold no such theory as that stated above. I have certainly not acted upon it, and I did not express or even hint it in my introductory note to the text of the opera. I said there that "to write verse suited to musical conceptions, and to interpretation by the orchestra and voice, is almost a distinctive branch of the poetic art. The poem must have abrupt changes of time and character, not always conforming to the traditions of verse meant only for reading." It will be seen that I referred not to any special metres, but to "the poem," and the changes of time and character in its movement or form as a whole. Of course all metres can be, and are, so treated as to fit them for a musical rendering. Sometimes this is done by the writer consciously, sometimes unconsciously. But in either case a distinctive kind of art is used. On the other hand, a great deal of good poetry has been written in ordinary and extraordinary metres for reading which is quite unsuited to music.

I recall a poem by the late James Russell Lowell which was offered to several composers, who all refused to attempt setting it to music, partly because the last line ran thus:

"Into the inexorable sea."

That line may be read well, but no human power can make it sing well. It exemplifies the truth that to make any metre available for music, a certain distinctive art must be used. Such was my simple proposition, but the critics twisted it into an assertion that sundry metres are in themselves not available for music. Incidentally, one of the critics also says that my verse is "rough and difficult for the singer." Madame Nordica, however, found no difficulty in my lines for her part—Hester—but, on the contrary, expressed to me her exceptional satisfaction and pleasure in them. So did several of the male soloists express themselves as enthusiastically pleased with the verses given to them. The composer, who had occasion to study the text carefully from the musical point of view, commended it in the highest terms as being remarkably well designed for singing. These are at least the opinions of experts, and of the persons most concerned in the practical use of the verse in song. And there appears to be a noticeable discrepancy between their verdict and the opinions of the particular critics referred to.

Grand opera in English is something that many persons would like to see carried out successfully, and the chances of its being done might be improved if critics would try to steer clear of misapprehending or misstating the theory and practice of the writer or the experience of the singers engaged in it.

But there is a great deal more than this involved in the considerations here presented. The eccentricities and vagaries of criticism are a bar to the progress of all the arts. I believe that most good critics desire the advancement of good art. Would they not aid that advancement more surely if they applied severe criticism to themselves and their methods? Might they not help on the cause of creative art by first apprehending and stating clearly the purpose of the artist without mistake, then trying to give him credit for the good he has done, and finally pointing out to him his shortcomings with gentleness and wise counsel?

George Parsons Lathrop.

MONEY, CURRENCY, AND BANKING.

IV.

I have said that money is for the convenience of men. It not only does away with barter, but it facilitates and hastens trade and commerce. Since money was introduced men have been constantly devising methods to increase its convenience. Gold or silver being too heavy as an instrumentality for large transactions, paper currency has been invented. The best paper currency is that which is issued by banks. It is best because it has a wider circulation, and is therefore more useful and effective than paper resting on the trust or confidence felt in individuals. The safety of the holder of the bank bill is best secured, of course, by the guarantee of the government. This guarantee of the government may be furnished in various ways. The national bank note in this country is safe because there are in the hands of the government bonds of the United States, belonging to the banks, amply sufficient for the redemption of every note. The difficulty with this national bank note circulation is that its amount depends upon the amount of the public debt. The debt of this government has been paid off with a rapidity that is marvellous, so that while the population and exchanges of the country have been increasing, the amount of bank-note circulation has been diminishing.

The national bank notes have been replaced by government paper representing gold and silver, but principally silver. How greatly people prefer paper to silver is illustrated by the history of the silver certificates and the efforts of the government to force silver dollars into circulation. In 1886, when there had been coined in silver $244,443,386, the amount of silver dollars actually in circulation was $61,502,155. In 1894 the coinage of silver had increased to $421,776,408, and the amount of silver in circulation had fallen to $56,443,670. At the same time the certificates representing silver dollars had so increased that the amount of silver held in the Treasury for their redemption had increased from $100,306,800 to $331,143,301.

But we are now inquiring what money really is, what it means, and what laws govern it, and determine its amount and its distribution. Paper currency issued by banks, its origin and operation, may be best illustrated very simply. A man goes into a rural community, let us say, where there is a general store. He knows the storekeeper, who has confidence in his integrity, or he has gold or other valuable security, which he deposits with the storekeeper. It matters not why the storekeeper trusts him. Confidence and trust are at the base of the great structure of commerce. When that departs men will be obliged to carry coin about with them, and when that time comes large transactions, such as are now of daily, perhaps hourly occurrence, must cease. But no one who realizes the deep significance of the advance of civilization believes that commerce will cease through the failure of men's confidence and trust in one another. The man whom I imagine as going to the simple rural community desires to purchase the products of the farmers of the neighborhood. He says to the storekeeper: "These farmers do not know me, and I have nothing with which to buy their products. But they know you. They have confidence in you. They will accept your promises in payment for their produce. Give me orders on you, and we will share the profits of the transaction."

Upon this the stranger obtains the orders. For the community in which he is carrying on his transaction these orders constitute a currency. The stranger goes out among the farmers, and finds, as he anticipated, that they are perfectly willing to exchange their products for the orders on the storekeeper. He ships his purchases to the market, and from the proceeds of the sale he pays the storekeeper the amount of the orders issued by him for the purchase of the farmers' products. Besides the amount of the orders, he pays the storekeeper something for the risk he has run and for the accommodation. The amount that he pays is proportioned to the risk if he is the only applicant, and is limited by the amount of profit which the speculator will probably make in the market to which he will send his purchases. In this transaction we have the operations of a bank of discount and of a bank of circulation. The storekeeper takes a receipt from the speculator for the orders which he has given him, and this receipt is in the nature of a promissory note, which may be payable on demand or at the end of a specified time.

The speculator may pay the storekeeper in coin. If he does he must pay the cost of shipping it to him. If he can secure paper currency, however, he uses that. As a rule, he will have money in a bank in the place where he lives, and a check on this bank, especially if the bank certifies that the money to meet it is actually in its possession, will be satisfactory to the storekeeper. As to the orders issued by the storekeeper, they will come to him in due time, but he will not have to pay all of them in money. The farmers trade with him, and some of them are indebted to him. When he receives one of his orders from a debtor, he accepts it as a full or part payment of his account, according to the amount of each. No money has passed—that is, no coin has been used in a transaction in which an order is finally cancelled by a debt due to him who issued it. The bit of paper calling for, let us say, $100, was accepted by the farmer in return for his grain. He may have used it to buy a horse from a neighbor, who also had confidence in the storekeeper. That neighbor may have paid a debt to another. This other may have paid interest with it on a mortgage owned by the storekeeper. Let us suppose that the storekeeper has issued orders for $10,000. If $8000 of this goes to persons in debt to the storekeeper, or who want goods that he has, only $2000 will have to be redeemed in actual money. In the mean time, in the instance of the $100 order which I have imagined, $100 worth of grain has purchased a horse, the horse has paid a debt owed by the seller, and the fourth holder has paid $100 of interest on his mortgage, and all of these transactions, aggregating $400, have been carried on with one piece of paper, and without the use of a single coined dollar.

From what we have seen already, it is clear that persons who insist that hard times come from lack of money or currency must prove their case, for, if they are right, there is not only a sufficient supply of articles in the world, but there is also a desire on the part of those who own those articles to exchange with one another, and the only thing that prevents such an exchange is the lack of an instrument or vehicle with which to effect it; and this is an improbable state of things.

H. L. N.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

EGYPT.

FROM the Algerian provinces of France, where the new civilization is seen in such visible contrast to the mediæval barbarism overlying the older civilization of Rome and Phœnicia, the commission proceeded by way of Gibraltar and Naples to Egypt. In the Nile Valley they came into contact with the memorials of a civilization still older, one beside which those of Arabia, Rome, and Carthage herself seem to be but things of yesterday—Egypt, with her thirty-one dynasties of kings that rose, flourished, and decayed before Alexander carried the arms and influence of Greece into Asia and Africa, more than three hundred years before the Christian era. No country in the world—not India, with her arts, religions, and literature of remote antiquity, nor China, with her ancient and fossilized civilization—gives the observer the impression of antiquity conveyed by the valley of the Nile.

Our picture of the members of the commission on board a steam-launch at the landing-place for Memphis and Sakkara brings into striking contrast the old and the new. It must be confessed that the party of commissioners in our illustration are more suggestive of modern enterprise and the practical life of to-day than of archæological research. Yet the mission on which they are engaged takes its natural commencement and finds some of its very earliest illustrations almost at the very spot where we see them taking lunch in a modern steam-launch in an altogether nineteenth-century fashion.

The site of ancient Memphis is practically no more than a site to-day. The great city of the earliest Pharaohs, coeval with the very oldest of the pyramids, and certainly much older than the great pyramids of Gizeh, must have been one of the earliest of the world's great cities. It was built by Mena, the founder of the first historical dynasty of Egyptian kings, who lived about 4500 years before the Christian era.

Memphis remained the chief city of Egypt for nearly 2000 years, until the later city of Thebes rose into greatness. Yet, though deposed, she was slow to decay. But the foundation of the Arabic town of Fostat—now known as Old Cairo—sealed its fate, most if not all the materials of the new town having been obtained from the buildings of the ancient city. As lately as the year 1260 A.D. the ruins of Menf were still widespread and imposing, and palaces, temples, colonnades, and groves could still be traced over a space of half a day's journey in every direction. Our illustration of the site as it is to-day shows how inexorably time can deal with man's most imposing and permanent works. There are no ruins of Memphis left. A mean native village perches upon its higher level, and only the clumps of luxuriant palms now represent what was so long the garden of Egypt, and the wide lagoons mark the site of the ornamental lake that surrounded the great temple of Ptah.

The pyramids stand on the wide shelf of rock at the foot of the Libyan range. Our illustration of the beautiful avenue of acacia-trees leading from Cairo to the foot of the rocky platform on which stands the group known as the great pyramids of Gizeh, a distance of about eight miles, gives a characteristic view of these strange monuments of extreme antiquity. These huge structures have a special and quite unique interest for the students of the methods of the world's transportation. An examination of the fine picture representing a side view of part of the Great Pyramid, with the extensive landscape of the country below, suggests the question which has puzzled all inquirers from Herodotus to the savans of Europe of to-day—how were these vast structures of huge stones erected?

The heavier parts of the material used in these great works came from the granite quarries of Syene, 600 miles away, and, like the still more gigantic masses of rock used for the colossal statues of Memnon and the yet larger statue of Rameses the Great, weighing hundreds of tons, must have been transported all that distance by some process before they were used. Only two of the great blocks of polished limestone which formed the outer casing of the Great Pyramid now remain in their places. Time and many generations of spoilers have stripped off the covering, out of which temples, churches, mosques, and towns have been built, in their turn to decay and disappear.

The pyramids themselves remain, and, like the vast effigy of the Sphinx shown in our illustration, still resist, though defaced, the corroding hand of time. The Sphinx, indeed, will probably long outlast even the pyramids, having been originally carved out of a solid ridge of limestone rock which cropped out of the earth at the spot. The lion body of the monster is now only partially exposed, the desert sand having to a great extent filled in the excavations made to lay bare the lower part of the figure. Before it was buried in the sand the Sphinx must have been by far the most imposing figure even in that land of strange monuments. The great figure lies couched facing due east, the head reared above the edge of the great ledge of rock on which the pyramids stand, overlooking the Nile Valley, the giant eyes glaring intently, as if watching for the first beams of the rising sun. Even now that many centuries have defaced the features, they have something terrible in their expression of calm yet watchful repose. The face of the figure measures thirty feet from chin to forehead, and fourteen feet from side to side. The body is one hundred and forty feet in length, and the outstretched paws are fifty feet long. Between these paws the remains of an ancient and very perfect temple were disinterred. Mutilated and overwhelmed with sand as it is to-day, there is still enough of mystery and awe about the Sphinx to justify the name, "Father of Terrors," given it by the modern Arabs.

In Egypt, more than anywhere else, it is difficult to turn from the past to the present, yet the Nile Valley has a modern side, which contrasts strangely with its monuments and associations. The two natural centres of modern Egypt are Alexandria, on the Mediterranean shore, to the westward of the delta, and Cairo, at the foot of the Mokattem range of hills, on the eastern bank of the Nile, about twelve miles above the place where the river divides to form the delta. Alexandria, since the date of its foundation, more than two thousand years ago, has been the centre of a great world traffic. Under the Roman Empire it was a city second only to Rome, and its prosperity continued until the Moslem conquest, in the seventh century. The destruction of the city then was nearly as complete as that of its famous library, and the classical Alexandria bequeathed to the modern only its ruins and its almost unrivalled commercial position and harbor. The Alexandria of to-day is a Western city in an Eastern setting, and the incongruity is fatal to the interest it should inspire. In its relation to transport and intercommunication, however, it remains, and must remain, the great centre of the Nile Valley. From Alexandria to Cairo the distance is 131 miles, covered by a substantial and well-equipped railway, constructed by the famous Robert Stephenson as early as 1852. The express trains take rather more than four hours to make the journey, and ordinary trains run the distance in six. The line crosses the delta at an angle, and spans both the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile.

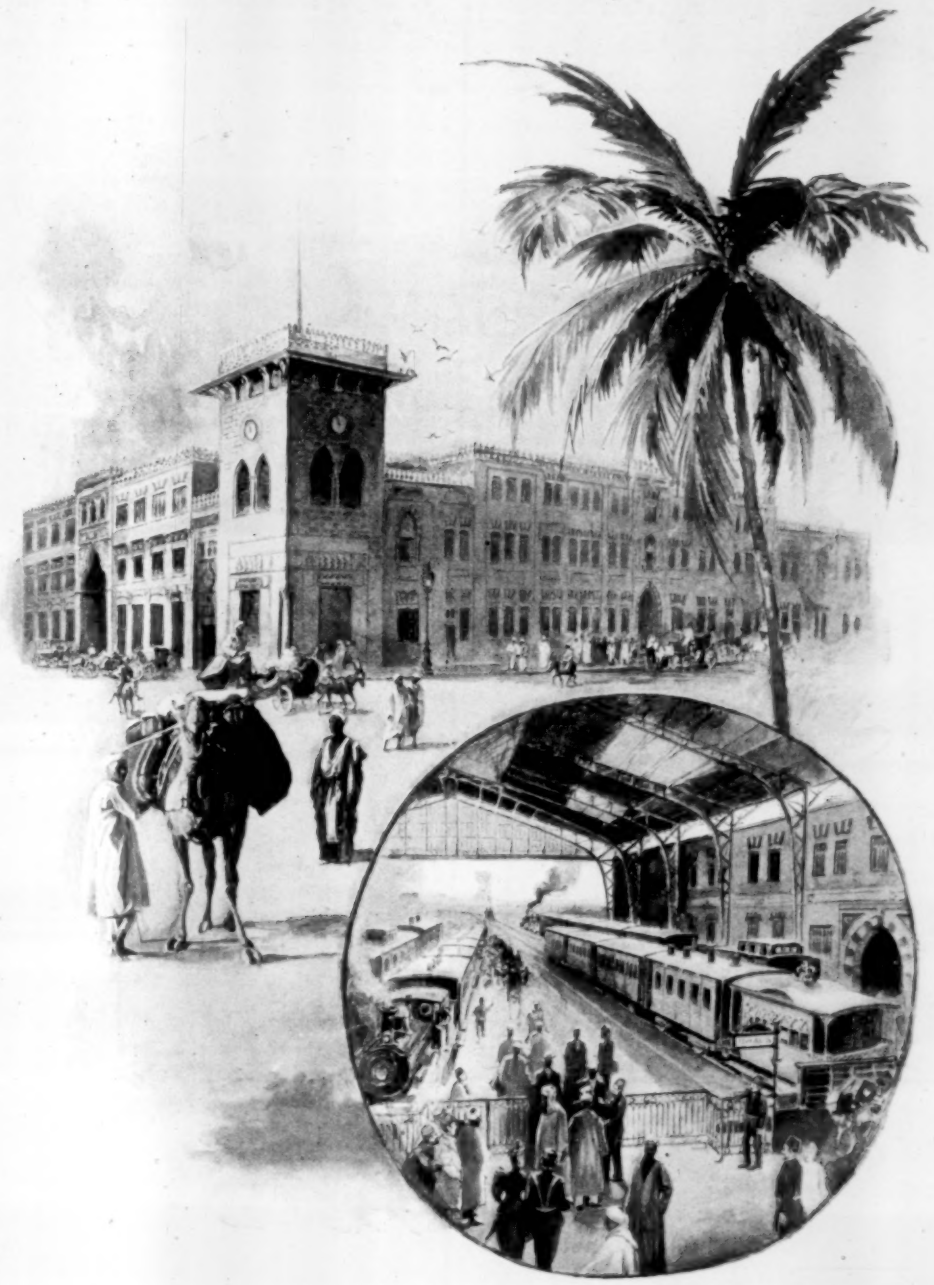
Cairo, the capital, is the centre towards which the railway system of Lower Egypt and the delta tends. Cairo itself is perhaps the most interesting of Oriental cities, and represents better than any other modern city the characteristics of a great Moslem centre of population. It has no pretensions to extreme antiquity, having been founded A.D. 969, to take the place of Fostat, founded three centuries earlier, which has since obtained the name of "Old Cairo." In spite of its comparative youth, Cairo, almost alone of Moslem cities, retains the features of Eastern city life which prevailed in the Bagdad of the Khalifs and lives still in the pages of the *Arabian Nights*. It is of all known towns the best provided with church accommodation, as, with a population of about 400,000, it contains 523 mosques, besides thirty Christian churches and ten synagogues. There are also in the city upwards of 1300 khans (native inns) and about the same number of cafés.

The whole mileage of the Egyptian railways now exceeds 1200 miles. It is, with the exception of the short line from Port Said to Ismailia, the property of the government, having been constructed with money borrowed by the state, which forms part of the national debt of the country. There were so few difficulties in the way of railway construction that the cost has been moderate, the expenditure having only averaged about $55,000 per mile. As a commercial speculation the railways have been fairly successful in direct returns from traffic, but their main value has been found in the impetus they have given to the production of the country, and the steady increase of its trade and prosperity.

THE NEW RAILWAY STATION AT CAIRO.

BY J. G. PANGBORN.

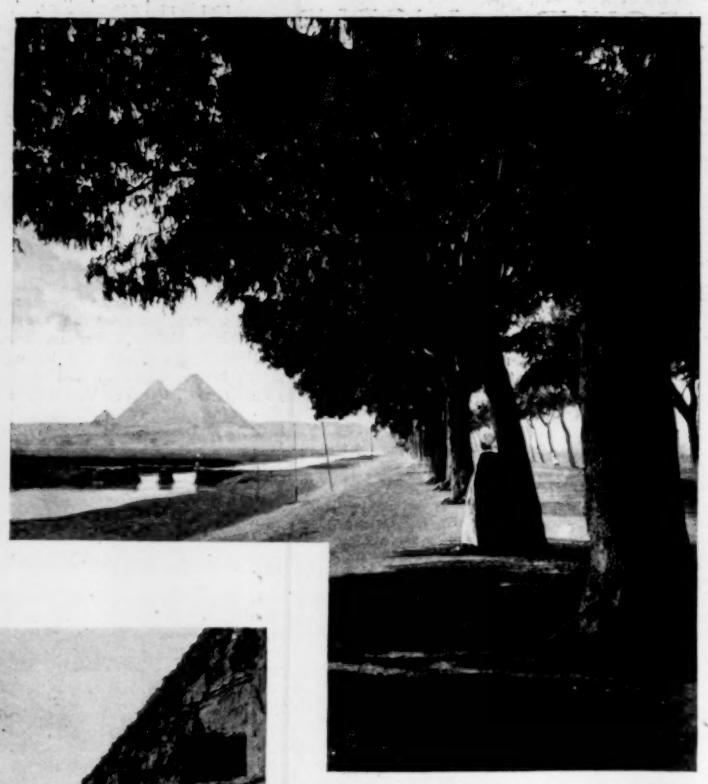
THE new railway station at Cairo, upon which the finishing embellishments are now being placed, is a roomy edifice with most of the modern facilities, and is thus a pronounced advance in Egyptian accommodations. The exterior is quite attractive, the architecture fitting well the surroundings, and in harmony with the general character of the better structures in the more or less European sections of the city. An air of solidity prevails within and without the station, and the building evidences intelligent study on the part of the management of the railway to meet the requirements of the rapidly increasing number of European visitors. The waiting-rooms are airy and clean, and provisions are made in them for comfort and convenience not always found in the East. The platform and means of ingress and egress to and from the trains are most suggestive of European practice, and, indeed, the hand of the Englishman is apparent everywhere.



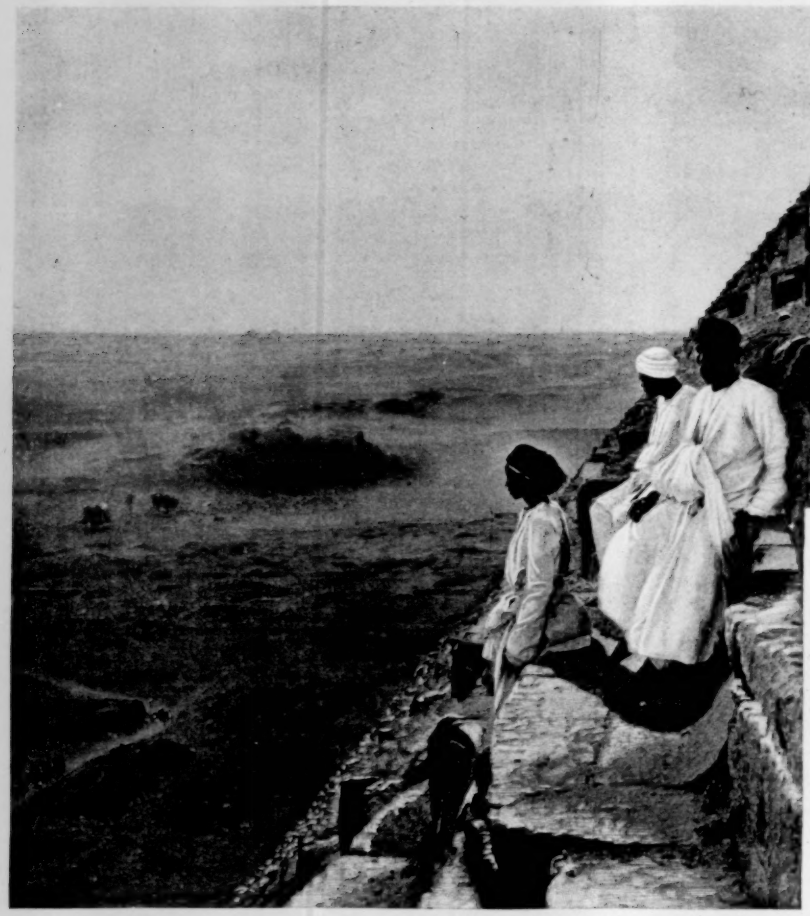
THE NEW RAILWAY STATION AT CAIRO.—DRAWN BY EDWARD E. WINCHELL.

Halton Pasha, the present head of the Egyptian State Railways, is an Englishman who came to Egypt as an expert from the London post-office to reorganize this branch of the Khedive's government and insure order and despatch in the conduct of Egypt's mails. He succeeded so admirably that when his work in this direction was completed the Khedive insisted upon his taking hold of the railway, then requiring a master-mind to shape it for the purposes for which the thousand or more miles of construction had been intended. Halton at first demurred, declaring he knew nothing of railway administration; but the Khedive protested that brains and intelligence were most essential at this juncture, and, as Halton had both, he should assume control. He did, with the result that the Egyptian State Railway is now in comparatively excellent condition and is systematically managed. Halton had the good judgment to intrust the operation of the lines largely to so capable and experienced a railroad man as Trevithick, the grandson of Richard Trevithick, "the father of the locomotive," under whose supervision and direction the locomotives and carriages, as well as the rolling stock generally, now compare favorably with any system of the East. The Board of Control consists of an Englishman, Halton Pasha, a Frenchman, Monsieur Nicour, who is the chief engineer, and a native.

THE COMMISSION AT LUNCHEON ON A STEAM-LAUNCH ON THE NILE.



AVENUE OF ACACIA-TREES LEADING FROM CAIRO TO THE GREAT PYRAMIDS.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE COMMISSION ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

AT THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN EGYPT—THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

MINNESOTA STATE CAPITOL.

THE people of the State of Minnesota have for many years been dissatisfied with their Capitol building in the city of St. Paul, a structure architecturally and artistically inadequate to the needs and the wants of the State. By legislative act a commission was appointed to secure plans for a new building. The commission has been at work many months. It called into consultation as experts Edmund M. Wheelwright, of Boston, and Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago, architects well known in the country at large. These experts considered at length some forty or fifty plans and designs, which were placed on public exhibition in St. Paul late last autumn.

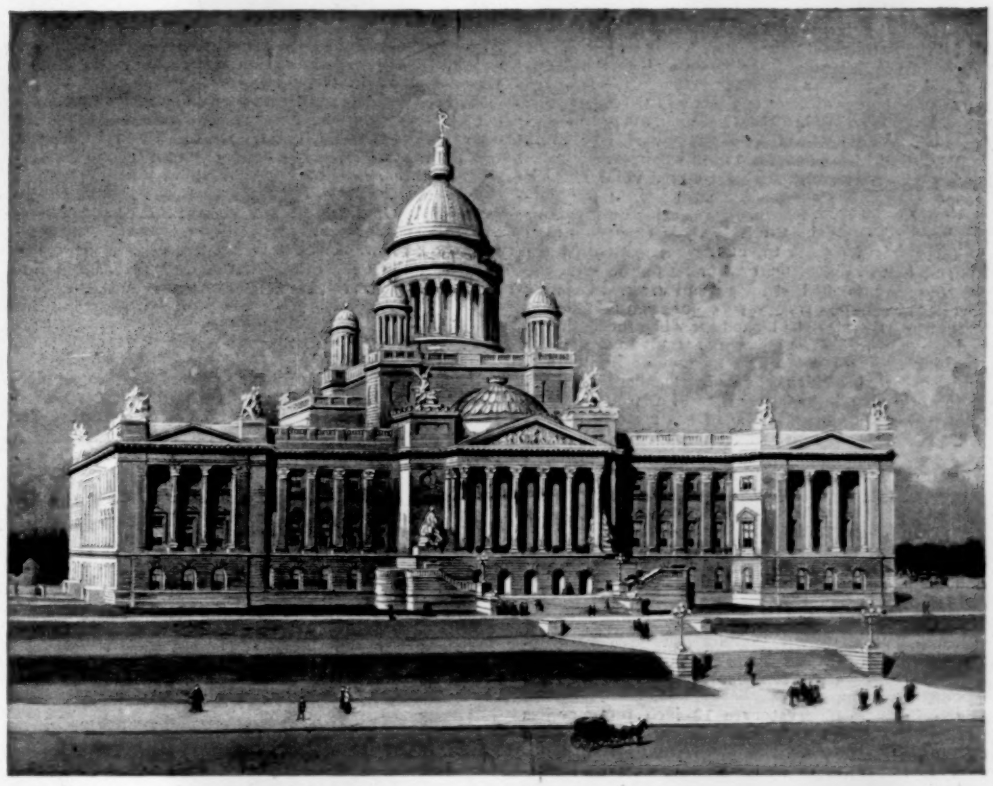
After long consideration all were thrown out but five, and of these five the design of Wendell & Humphreys, of Denver, Colorado, was chosen as entitled to first honor. Two thousand dollars is to be divided by the commission between the four prize-winners below the first.

The amount appropriated for the construction of the building and purchase of site was $2,000,000, though it is believed more than this amount will need to be expended before the building shall be satisfactory.

The general form of the building which the experts have considered the best is cruciform; the treatment, the free classic style. It will be 420 by 230 feet in dimensions, and will have two stories.

Some vigorous protests were made by prominent architects against the smallness of the commission awarded to the successful competitor—two and one-half per cent. After consideration, the Legislature has passed a new bill, authorizing the Board of Capitol Commissioners to pay a higher commission if they shall deem best, and also empowering them to have another competition if they think they can thereby secure better results.

An interesting feature of the case is the recent offer by the city of Minneapolis of the big exposition grounds, with the building, for a Capitol site, or the entire Loring Park, a beautiful park near the centre of the city, worth probably $2,000,000. The park contains thirty-eight acres, and would be admirably adapted to the needs of a State Capitol building. The St. Paul residents are deeply wrought up over this exhibition of Minneapolis generosity, and are inclined to resent what they claim is an attempt to take the Capitol from them. It is but fair to Minneapolis to say that the proposition to locate the new Capitol in Minneapolis originated with a country legislator, who brought the matter to the attention of the Legislature, Minneapolis then making the handsome offers referred to above.



THE SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THE MINNESOTA STATE CAPITOL.

THE GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE AND OBSERVATORY.

BY M. A. LANE.

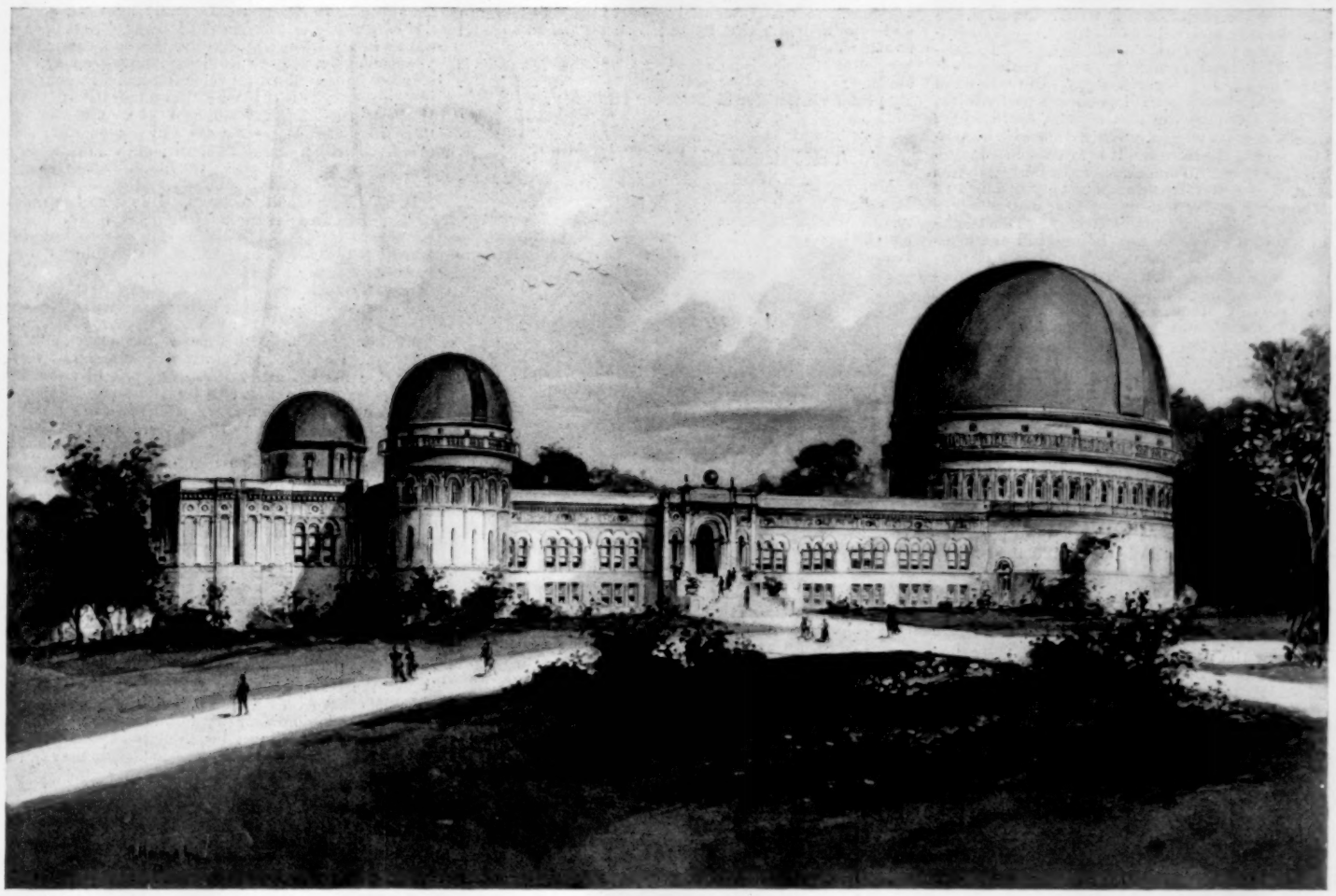
IT is to the casual remark of Alvan Clark, the famous American optician, that the great Yerkes telescope owes its existence. This superb giant instrument will be ready for the eye of the astronomer some time next fall, probably before the 1st of October. The building which will house the stupendous tube is situated in the little town of Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, seventy-five miles from the city of Chicago.

The Yerkes Observatory will contain a physical laboratory, complete in equipment and facilities for doing all kinds of astronomical work, which will no doubt lead to the development of many fresh facts in astro-physics. The building, which is now rapidly assuming shape, will be of Romanesque design, constructed in the form of a cross. Its length will be 315 feet, and its extreme width along the arms of the cross 175 feet. The stem of the cross will be 46 feet wide. At the forward end rises the big dome, 100 feet high from the ground. There are two subordinate domes—one 26 feet in diameter, in which will be mounted a 12-inch refractor; the other 30 feet in diameter, in which a 16-inch refractor will be placed. The material being used in the construction of the outer walls and the bases of the domes is gray brick set in alternate courses of edges and ends. The trimmings will be of gray terra-cotta, and the domes will be painted a white or very light gray.

On either side of the main hall, which runs directly through the building from end to end, will be the various rooms and offices for the use of the astronomers, a library, an astronomical and physical laboratory, an astronomical museum, lecture-room, studies, and other necessary apartments. In the attic of the cross-arms will be the heliostat-room, made with a sliding shutter, and provided with apparatus and entirely new methods in this work. The meridian-room, forming the upper end of the cross, is thirty by forty feet, and will be, of course, splendidly equipped. In the basement will be dark-rooms for photographic work, and laboratories for the same purpose. The exterior of the walls will be ornamented with many designs germane to the character of the structure.

Under the great dome is the great telescope, literally the largest yet turned out, because the objective glass is the largest that has yet been successfully cast and polished without failure. The two disks, one of crown the other of flint glass, are forty-two inches in diameter, or forty inches clear, the remaining inch being used in the setting. The two lenses are fixed so as to form one objective with several inches of space between them. The objective is set in the upper end of a tube sixty-three feet long. The tube projects eight feet beyond the glass. The purpose of this projection is to protect the sensitive and smoothly polished objective from the dew of night or dawn. This projection is technically known as a "dew-cap." At the lower end of the instrument are attached a micrometer for small measurements, such as that of double-stars and other minute spaces or motions; a star-spectroscope; a solar spectroscope, this last a sort of combination of an ordinary sun-spectroscope and Professor Hall's spectro-heliograph. This instrument adds ten feet of length to the whole, which will give a net length of eighty feet to the noble telescope.

The Yerkes objective is just four inches larger than the



THE YERKES OBSERVATORY.—DRAWN BY AL. HENCKE.

Lick. Without going into the calculation of areas, some idea of its large light-gathering powers may be given. At the focus of the instrument the moon will show a diameter of seven inches. This is large. It is possible to use a magnifying power of 4000, but this will hardly ever be done. If a 3000 power be used, the moon, to speak popularly, can be brought within seventy miles. But observers have found that high powers are unsatisfactory.

Professor S. W. Burnham, who observed with the Lick telescope, was best pleased with 2600. Professor Barnard, of the same observatory, says that for observations on Jupiter 1000 gave the best results, and that less than that power was necessary for clarity of definition when looking at our moon. About 20 or 30 to the inch, the astronomers say, is the best for general work. Amazing discoveries or startling fresh revelations from the immensities need not therefore be looked for when the Yerkes is turned heavenward. The only large result from the size of the Lick refractor is the fifth satellite of Jupiter, and this minute body has since been seen in smaller telescopes.

On the other hand, the advantages of a large telescope are not to be underrated. One of the most important branches of telescopic research is that concerning the spectroscope, and herein the large refractor is of indisputable use. In good atmospheric conditions the large telescope is always better than the small one. It will better serve to separate small objects that are close together, especially in observations on double-stars. Professor Burnham's work with the Lick telescope has amply demonstrated this. A similar state of facts exists concerning moon observation. In stellar spectroscopy the large lens is infinitely preferable to the smaller. Want of light has been the difficulty here. The especial advantage of the Yerkes in this respect, therefore, becomes apparent when it is known that the Lake Geneva glass will gather in about twenty-five per cent. more light than its rival on Mount Hamilton.

At the Potsdam observatory a 12-inch refractor has been found to do good work on the forward and recessive motions of stars, using Dr. Huggins's spectroscopic methods. Yet an hour's exposure is necessary with this instrument in photography. Now the Yerkes will do the same work at the same power in just ten minutes, which means, of course, higher dispersive effect (spreading the spectrum to be photographed). The larger light-gathering powers of the broader objective means also the possibility of reaching fainter stars; and the fainter the stars, the greater their number. In solar spectroscopy, too, the advantages will be valuable. The Yerkes will hold a 6½-inch image of the sun—much larger than that contained in the focus of the Lick.

The site consists of fifty-three acres—the gift of Mr. John Johnson to the University of Chicago, and lies thirty-six miles west of Lake Michigan, and seven miles west of the town of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. It is also the latter distance from the end of the railroad. Clear of smoke, and comparatively clear of clouds, this site is judged to be excellent for its purpose. Professor Hale asserts that for all purposes the low altitude is superior to the high, and that many advantages of "seeing" are lost when a mountain height is used. For night observation the mountain serves the end, but becomes almost useless or highly unsatisfactory for solar observation. That is why Mount Hamilton has done very little in solar work. The observatory on Mount Etna was of no use to him after nine o'clock in the morning. This difficulty is caused by radiation of sun heat from the surface of the mountain.

Notable for the great size of its telescope, the Yerkes Observatory will be no less important and unique in the mechanism which will handle the mighty tube. At Mount Hamilton the power used is water. At Lake Geneva all will be accomplished by electricity. The instrument and its sixty tons of weight will swing with a majesty and smoothness of motion following the apparent change of position in the observed object due to the axial shift of the earth. The powerful clock which drives it is set in the forty-feet-high cast-iron column, down whose shaft depends a great weight. When this exhausts itself and the weight is run down, it is at once lifted automatically. The floor of the observatory, seventy-five feet in diameter, rises and falls through twenty-five feet of space. The motor power for every change of position of both instrument and observer is electricity. This is controlled by a table of push-buttons in the hand of the astronomer. The method is beautifully simple. The astronomer finds out the position of an object he desires to see. At the touch of one button on the board the great tube sweeps the dome until it rests at the declination point described in the star catalogue, and marked by the indicator. In response to the pressure of another button the tube is carried into position for the right ascension of the object. The telescope now directed to the star, a third button pressure clamps the telescope to the clock in the barrel of the column, and the revolution of the earth is checked so that the star may be followed for hours. But all is not yet in place for observation. The eye-piece may be far above the astronomer's reach. A fourth button is touched, and the big floor rises until the eye stops before the glass. More buttons come now into play, and more motions are released. A shutter twelve feet wide flies open, and the big dome turns until the open space opposes the upper end of the instrument, and the celestial object to be seen leaps into the eye. The power-house from which the currents come is located 300 feet from the observatory, which fact, together with the further one that the engine is small, obviates disturbance caused by vibration.

Dwellings for the use of the staff of the observatory will be erected near by. The staff is now in process of organization. Professor Sherman Wesley Burnham, the celebrated discoverer and measurer of double-stars, has been secured, and will resume his marvellous and interesting researches in this fascinating department of astronomy—researches so well begun with a tiny five-inch glass, prosecuted with the splendid refractor of Lick, and rewarded with the highest encomiums and medals of scientific Europe. Professor Hale, who will direct the great enterprise, has achieved rare results from his patient and sedulous observation on his favorite sun, especially on the solar prominences, and will continue this work and his photographic labors at Lake Geneva. Other noted astronomers will be added to the staff, and almost every branch of telescopic science will have its representative. The mountings for the instrument, the movable floor, and the dome are rapidly being constructed by Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland. It is believed that the first peep at the sky will be had through this the largest refractor yet ground some time before the end of the present year.

About two years ago Professor Hale met Mr. Clark at a convention of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, held in Rochester. Mr. Clark let fall a remark that he had two fine disks, originally cast for the University of Southern California, which that institution did not care to finish. They should, Mr. Clark said, be bought by somebody. On his return to Chicago the astronomer mentioned the matter to President Harper, of the Chicago University, and it was laid before Mr. Yerkes, with the result that with the expenditure of not quite $1,000,000 Mr. Yerkes has preserved his name to all future time.

OREGON'S NEW SENATOR.

Hon. George W. McBride, upon whom the two factions in Oregon's Legislature united for Senator on the fifty-ninth ballot of the session, is the first native Oregonian who has ever been called upon to represent his State in either House of Congress. Senator McBride was born

in Yam Hill County, March 13, 1854. His first public service was in 1882, when he was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature. In the Assembly of that year the conditions were similar to those in the recent Assembly, there being two factions. Solicited by both, Senator McBride stood unallied with either. His independence challenged the admiration of the opposing factions, and their united vote gave him the position of Speaker, he being the youngest man who has ever served in that capacity in the State. In 1886 Senator McBride was elected Secretary of State by a plurality of 290. So successful was his administration that four years later he was re-elected to that office, having a plurality of 8600.

Senator McBride took no part in the Senatorial fight, and did not know that his name had been put before the joint Assembly until ten minutes after the ballot had been taken, when a committee of legislators waited upon him and informed him that he had been elected to succeed Senator Dolph.

Senator McBride is a man of excellent abilities, and his election reunites the two factions of the Republican party. By profession Senator McBride is an attorney.

THE HAWAIIAN MINISTER.

Mr. Lorin A. Thurston, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from Hawaii, has become *persona non grata* to the State Department, and this government has intimated to Hawaii its desire that he be recalled to make way for a representative who

will not be objectionable to the administration to which he is accredited. Mr. Thurston has been in Washington since the revolution in Hawaii which overthrew Queen Liliuokalani, first as one of the commissioners for annexation, and afterward as minister to succeed the late H. A. P. Carter.

The proposition for annexation was urged by Mr. Thurston and his associated commissioners with great activity, but the incoming of the administration of Mr. Cleveland and the change of policy toward Hawaii that followed rendered the efforts of the commission futile. Having been absent for some months, assisting during that time the Hawaiians in control of the new government to adopt a constitution, Mr. Thurston not long ago returned to his post, relieving Mr. Frank P. Hastings, who had been *chargé d'affaires*.

Mr. Thurston has been a very watchful agent of the Hawaiian government, and has been repeatedly consulted by those persons of both the leading political parties who incline to the proposition to annex Hawaii to the United States. He has, perhaps, not unnaturally, but certainly unwisely, fallen into too free a way of commenting upon the course of the administration. Hearing the boasts of the American annexationists that Hawaii will be annexed within ninety days after the beginning of the Fifty-fourth Congress, it is possible that he has come to forget that it is to the Department of State and not the Congress that he is accredited, and that he must, if he expected to continue to be useful here to his government, maintain agreeable relations with the Secretary of State. The State Department does not give an official explanation of the cause for the requested recall of Mr. Thurston, but it is very definitely understood that the culminating offence was his communication, about February 12th, to a newspaper reporter, of information concerning the trials of conspirators against the Dole government—information that was withheld from the State Department until two days later. Secretary Gresham remonstrated with the minister upon his next visit to the State Department, whereupon Mr. Thurston expressed regret and offered an apology. He declined, however, to put the apology in writing, thus provoking Secretary Gresham to language of protest against his course that was direct and spirited. The ground of the complaint against him, with the request for his recall, was sent to Honolulu by the steamer of the 21st of February. A reply may be soon expected. A refusal to grant the request for a recall might be followed by the presentation to Mr. Thurston of his passports, which would be an intimation that he would be no longer received as the minister of Hawaii.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A reviewer of the *Evening Post* finds some fault with Mr. Warner's story of *The Golden House* because there is in it so much skating on thin ice and so little breaking through. "In any other country than America," he says, "it is recognized that people who persist in skating on thin ice invariably go through." Whatever may be recognized in any other country, it is not so in this one. Skating on thin ice is a reckless amusement which is not here recommended to any one, still there are plenty of Americans who indulge in it with considerable persistence, and still contrive in the end to get ashore without wading. There is a strong and perhaps wholesome disposition to predict a divorce case every time a married man shows himself conspicuously greedy of the company of a woman not his wife, or a married woman of the society of a man not her husband, but the amount of gossip is usually disproportionate to the amount of resulting scandal. To every case that ends in separation or divorce there are a dozen that don't. Folks who seem certain to go through, do in many cases finally manage to squeak ashore, though often enough they have to wriggle along for considerable distances on their stomachs to accomplish it. The *Post* finds it "impossible to believe that a republican form of government can eliminate human passions from human beings and substitute silly social ambitions and calculating self-interest." It is hard to believe that, but even the *Post* might conceive how in a comparatively young country, whose wealth and luxury are new, society may not have attained the same frank and thorough measure of depravity that older societies may have developed. If the morals of the gilded New-Yorkers are as bad as those attributed to their coevals in London, Mr. Warner may have written somewhat amiss; but who believes they are?

Buffalo is an ambitious town. It is one of the termini of the Erie Canal; it has a great many miles of asphalt pavement; it has been the home of at least two Americans who afterwards became Presidents; the editor of the *Sun* spent several years of his youth there; some of the most famous members of the Wilkes family (2.06 or thereabouts and upwards) live there; it is the birthplace of Mr. George Hibbard, the tale-spinner; and it has other claims to intellectual distinction. Now it has set up a poet, at least so it seems. He is Robert Cameron Rogers, son of most respectable parents, graduate of Yale and of the Harvard Law School, apprenticed to the law without effect, now lately author of a book, to wit, *The Wind in the Clearing*, wherein are deliverances which are either poems or are enough like them to deceive some very competent critics. They begin to be copied into the newspapers, and seem to find favor, and that to the present paragrapher is the perplexing thing about them. So much of recent poetry, guaranteed as the real thing, has been of the sort that ordinary readers prefer to have some one else read, that the fact that a new poem is good reading for one's self seems, somehow, to make it doubtful whether it can be really and truly poetry. Whether it tells against them or not, let the truth come out that a good many of Mr. Rogers's poems are very good reading indeed; and they seem to be "poems," too, as distinguished from "verses."

Great is the energy and inquisitiveness of Dr. Frederick Cook, the same whose expedition to Greenland on the *Miranda* met with such a series of mischances last year. He is planning now an expedition to the antarctic continent in two whaling-ships, to start September 1st, and spend the winter (the antarctic summer) as near the south pole as may be found convenient.

An expedition to the south pole is a pleasant change. There are recent reports of discoveries of traces of human life on the antarctic continent which make the possibilities of exploration unusually interesting. Dr. Cook's expedition will cost about $25,000, which he is confident of raising within a short time.

The annual north-polar quest this year takes the form of a relief expedition in search of Lieutenant Peary. For the expenses of this expedition $12,000 is needed,

and the work of collecting it is now in process. The American Geographical Society has subscribed a thousand dollars. Each society or individual paying that sum will be entitled to send a representative with the expedition. Lieutenant Peary with two companions remained in the far north in 1893 to complete the explorations planned for his expedition of that year, and hindered by the unusual severity of the season. He is in Northwest Greenland.

"Dr. Parkhurst, a 50 to 1 shot," is a head line that catches the eye in a St. Patrick's-day newspaper. The tributary facts are that "Dr. Parkhurst," a three-year-old gambling-machine, won a horse-race near Washington in which the betting was fifty to one against him. The horse seems to have developed the quality known as git-up-and-git in very unexpected measure, and as far as that is concerned he was well named. But is "Dr. Parkhurst" a fit name for a race-horse? Is a zealous and reverend reformer, or indeed any reverend and respected citizen, entitled to no protection from the humors of any sporting brother who chooses to name a colt after him? Is the eye to be shocked, as it scans the newspaper, with such items as that "Dr. Parkhurst, Carmencita, and Bishop Potter came down the homestretch in a bunch"? The Society for the Protection of Privacy would do well to look into this matter, and determine, if it can, how far any man is entitled to monopolize his own name.

The sympathy of the American public is again excited in behalf of Mr. Whistler, the artist, who gives evidence of being in considerable distress over the recent sale of a picture, for which he appears to consider that he received an inadequate price. Why he should have sold a picture for less than it was worth is not quite clear, and Mr. Whistler's explanations, which have been characteristically copious and impassioned, do not make the details of the transaction as apparent as one could wish. It seems to be Mr. Whistler's wish that the revolutions of earth should be discontinued until the terms of his unsatisfactory dicker shall be rectified; but that, of course, is an unreasonable desire, and he must be content to settle his troubles as other men do in the newspapers and the courts.

An Authors' Readings will be given on Saturday evening, April 20th, at Carnegie Hall, by the American Authors' Guild, in aid of the fund for widows and orphans of its members. Among those who will read are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Dr. Hale, Mrs. Moulton, Colonel R. M. Johnson, Mr. Stoddard, the Marquise de Lanza, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stephen Massett, Professor Boyesen, and Colonel Higginson.

Not even the Century Dictionary has all the new words. A correspondent finds his Webster out of date because it lacks such familiar accessions to the language as Trilbyness, Trilbyism, Trilbyous, Trilbyesque, Trilbysite, Trilbyana, and divers others. But then no one needs a dictionary for those words. Every intelligent person has come to understand them.

It was disclosed the other day that the President had sent a gold watch appropriately inscribed to a gallant sea-captain who, with difficulty and at considerable peril, had taken the crew off a sinking ship. This sort of recognition of this particular sort of service is not uncommon, and is particularly satisfying to the sense of fitness. But there are other sorts of public services that deserve reward which are too apt to be overlooked in the distribution of tokens of appreciation. It is related in the esteemed *Chap Book* that Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, being asked out to dinner in London, found himself seated next to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Ward was in a meditative and receptive mood, and said little at first, but about the time the fish came she turned to Mr. Field and said: "Tell me of Chicago, of your habits and customs. I have never known any one who lived there."

Whereupon Mr. Field gave over speculating as to his next choice of a fork, and replied, "Well, Mrs. Ward, when I was caught I was living in a tree."

It is not known how Mrs. Ward was affected, nor is that important, since a man who does his best is not to be held responsible for results. But surely if this story is true, it would be a meet and graceful act in the President to send Mr. Field a watch. There are heroes of dinner table as well as of the raging deep.

A correspondent points out an error in a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY, wherein Mr. George William Curtis was spoken of as a man of college training. This department should have known better. Mr. Curtis somehow came to be associated in the minds of many people with Brown University, but though honored by degrees from several colleges, he was never a student in any college. Mr. Parke Godwin says of him, in his volume of *Commemorative Addresses*, that he had two years of schooling at a public academy and one of private tuition, and that "after a year's trial of a mercantile pursuit, which proved repulsive, instead of going to college he hurried, with a brother, to Brook Farm." He staid there nearly two years, and went from there to Concord, where he settled for a time on a farm, and shared the atmosphere of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. In 1846 he went to Europe, where he spent four years in study and travel. When he got home, in 1850, he was twenty-six years old, and knew plenty enough to start in business as a writer.

Public attention, which busies itself from time to time with consideration of the coolness between the cousins Astor, may find agreeable variety, almost any day, in contemplating the differences between the cousins Stokes. There is no coolness between the Stokeses, as there is between the Astors, but heat, constant heat, due to continuous escape of energy. Only legal experts who are paid to devote their time to the matter know what is the point of issue between the Stokeses. The impression that the general public gets is a confused one, but very lively, of jobs put up by Bill on Edward and by Edward on Bill, and of successive wrigglings out of small holes by Edward and William alternately, always at large cost for legal services, and lavish employment of courts, advocates, and sheriff's officers. There is a certain amount of pathos about the Astor coolness, petty as its ground and manifestations appear to the uninformed public, but the Stokes fight is all gayety and hard knocks, with plenty of *gaudium certaminis* for the contestants, and a high and exhilarating quality of diversion for the lookers-on. More power to both the Stokes cousins, and all reasonable success to them in every lawful and legitimate development of their eccentric chase after happiness!

The famous Crouse stables at Syracuse, which are said to have cost $250,000, were sold the other day for $17,500. It seems a small sum for such a costly monument to have brought, but, after all, if Crouse himself could have been put up at auction he would not have brought a tenth of that amount. Yet he represented an expenditure of many millions. Hence we learn—but let the intelligent reader draw his own moral.

E. S. MARTIN.

A NEW STEAMER.

THE new steamer *Alleghany*, built by R. Napier & Sons, Glasgow, for the Atlas Steamship Company, has arrived in New York. The general dimensions are: Length over all, 322 feet; breadth, 38 feet; depth moulded, 26 feet, and a gross tonnage of about 2500 tons. She has been built of steel under special survey to the highest grade of the British corporation, with the Board of Trade requirements for passenger steamers, and also in accordance with the American government rules. The vessel will form one of the company's line of steamers which run between New York, Jamaica, Hayti, and the republics of Colombia and Costa Rica, and during the winter carry many tourists to Jamaica and the West Indies. Thirty large staterooms are on the upper deck amidships, while the dining-saloon, social hall, and smoking-room are in a commodious house on the bridge-deck, which is sheltered by a sun-deck the full width of the ship, and carries the boats on top of it, thus forming a clear promenade 120 feet long. On Saturday, March 23, the *Alleghany* will sail on her initial voyage, making a special tour occupying twenty-five days to Jamaica and the West Indies.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite appetite are DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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have never found a preparation so well adapted to the needs of thin, delicate children, as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

Children almost universally like the taste of it, which makes its administration easy, and it supplies their blood with the food properties that overcome wasting tendencies.

Scott's Emulsion enriches the blood, promotes the making of healthy flesh, and aids in a healthy formation of the bones.

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Pears' soap is as gentle as oil, but effectual; has no fat or alkali in it.

But it costs so little, you do not see how it possibly can be the finest soap in the world.

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For Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Skin.

The HAMMOND ANIMAL EXTRACTS, Cerebrine, Meduline, Cardine, Testine, Ovarine, and Thyroidine (*Isopathy*), are largely used in the treatment; also Baths, Douches, Static, Galvanic, and Faradaic Electricity—in fact, all recognized scientific methods for the cure of disease. For full information and pamphlet, address either

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Correspondence with physicians requested.

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ARE THE HIGHEST OF ALL HIGH GRADES.

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22 lb. Scorcher, - - $85.
23 lb. Ladies', - - 75.
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are built upon the best known principles of refrigeration. A perfect circulation of dry, cold air prevents the accumulation of gases and vapor or the mixture of flavors, while the consumption of ice is greatly reduced. The first cost is greater than for ordinary refrigerators, but they are far cheaper in the end.

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PAMPHLET FREE.
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PIPERAZIN
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RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.
WILL CURE IT.

This is an Age of Progress—

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No Waiting. Relieves Pain Quicker than Anything Else.

It is worthy of particular notice that no other remedy has ever met with such success and popularity as has marked the introduction and progress of **Salva-cea.** The marvellous cures effected by this remedy during the short time it has been before the public have no precedent. **Salva-cea** forms a medicine-chest in itself, and should be kept on hand in every household.

JUDGE ARTHUR BROWN writes:

"BAGDAD, FLA., February 20, 1895.

"Enclosed please find 50 cts. stamps for a box of SALVA-CEA, the first box gotten of you doing my child so much good we have concluded to try still further, hoping it may make a complete cure. She suffers very much from chilblains, and could find nothing that gave any relief until receiving your first box of SALVA-CEA."

"BAGDAD, FLA., March 5, 1895.

"Yours of 23d February duly received. I can have no possible objection to your using my letter of recommendation of the SALVA-CEA. Since my last letter to you I have effected a positive cure in burns, and great relief for rheumatism, by use of the SALVA-CEA. It certainly is a useful and valuable salve, and no household should be without it. If I could not get more no money could buy my two cans. The case of chilblains in my family completely under management now, thanks to SALVA-CEA."

ISAAC B. POTTER, Chief Consul N. Y. State L. A. W. and President Brooklyn Bicycle Club, writes:

"My desire to render a substantial favor to the Wheelmen of America impels me to say a good word for SALVA-CEA. For that lameness of muscles which comes to the moderate rider whenever he attempts a long day's run, I have found nothing to be compared with it; while for sprains and bruises its curative and soothing effects are really magical. I heartily recommend it."

FRANCIS J. BURRACE, West Newton, Mass., says:

"I find it to be an excellent remedy for sprains and bruises, and a very useful external remedy."

MARTHA E. DOLLOFF, No. Windham, Maine, writes:

"Please send me a box of SALVA-CEA, this being the third box I have sent for, as it is so wonderfully good I cannot be without it."

W. E. CANNON, Boston, Mass., writes:

"As I have met with such favorable results from the use of SALVA-CEA, will you please send me a larger box, and enclosed you will find fifty cents."

JOHN E. PARSONS, Boston, Mass., says:

"I have been a member of the police force in this city for the past twenty-four years, and consequently am well known to many of its citizens. I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism more or less for forty years; stiffness in the knee joints, and intense pain and lameness of the foot. Some months ago, during a severe attack, I was induced to use your SALVA-CEA, and found its effects to be so marvellous—limbering my joints, removing the pain, and giving me immediate, and, so far, permanent relief.

"I am an enthusiast in its efficacy, and recommend it to all my friends. I have also seen wonderful beneficial effects from it in cases of Sore Throat.

"If my humble testimony can be the means of benefiting others, you have my permission to use my name in its praise."

EDWARD BURGESS writes:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., January 2, 1895.

"Last fall I was taken with a severe cold—the severest, I think, that I have ever had. It began in the head, but quickly went to the throat and chest, causing a tightness and oppression such as I had never before felt. It was accompanied by a violent cough. I tried several remedies without relief. The oppression continued without abatement, and I felt the conditions were alarmingly favorable for something much more serious than a cold.

"Having found no relief, one morning I thought I would try SALVA-CEA. I had used it for cuts and bruises with great success, but not for any such purpose as this. I spread a quantity on a piece of flannel and placed it on my chest. It is no exaggeration to say that before night, I might almost say before noon, the oppression and tightness were entirely gone, and the fear of any more serious complications had passed. No one could have been more surprised than I was at the suddenness and completeness of the relief."

WILLIAM H. JAMES, 37 Seventh Avenue, New York City, writes:

"Allow me to express to you my gratitude for inducing me to try SALVA-CEA. I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism for the past twenty years, and tried almost everything known to the public, and have never found any medicine that would help me for any length of time, until I commenced using SALVA-CEA. Have only used two boxes, and feel like a new man, pain of all descriptions has left me, and I shall always consider it a wonderful remedy, as it has done so much for me. I cheerfully recommend it to my friends."

W. H. MORSE, Therapeutist and Consulting Chemist, certifies:

"I have enjoyed the opportunity of examining and testing SALVA-CEA, and desire to extend to it my most hearty commendation, both from a chemical and therapeutical standpoint. Its soothing and anæsthetic power, relieving pain, healing injury, and acting directly on injured or diseased nerves, renders it invaluable. Without chemical fault, harmless, effective, and unique, it is altogether unlike any other preparation of the materia medica."

R. W. TOULMIN, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I have used SALVA-CEA, and find it an invaluable remedy for any kind of irritation, giving instant relief. It is certainly an excellent salve, and I can safely say, no one, after knowing its healing qualities, would be without it."

DR. L. E. MELLEN, of Middlebury, Vt., says:

"I have been using SALVA-CEA, and am so far well pleased with results. It is a case of eruption on hands, comes in blotches, then flakes off dry scales, leaving a sore raw surface and sometimes cracks, which are very sore. Since using SALVA-CEA the skin begins to look much better, feels softer, and patient feels quite encouraged. Trust it will make a permanent cure."

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Burns, Bruises, Boils, Bites and Stings,
Piles, Chilblains, Sprains, Ulcerated Teeth,
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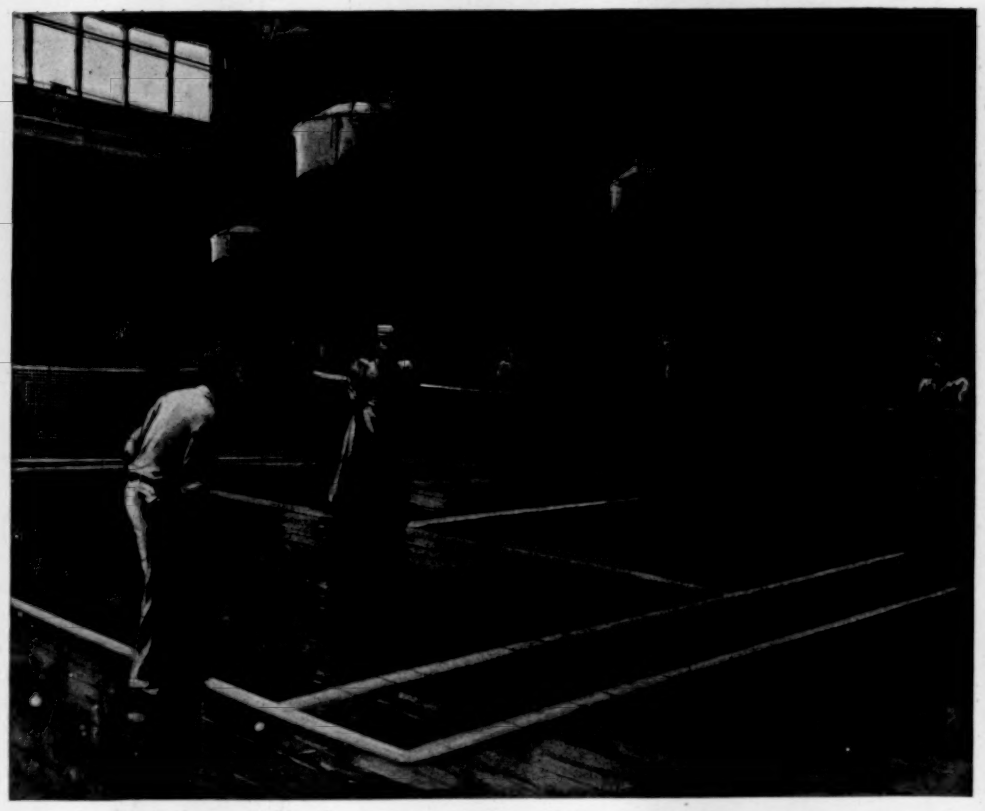


AN IN-DOOR LAWN-TENNIS COURT.

AMATEUR SPORT

IN-DOOR LAWN-TENNIS.

LAWN-TENNIS is essentially and in all its features an out-door sport, and consequently is unseasonable during the winter months. Court-tennis has many of the same features of play, and is adapted to in-door use. Some lawn-tennis players therefore combine the two sports, and play each throughout its own season. But many of the devotees of the summer game will not accept any substitute for their favorite pastime, and lawn-tennis, inconsistent as it seems, is played in-doors during the winter months in some of the large cities.

In New York perhaps more than in Boston and other centres of the game it is continued after the frost has hardened the ground and the players desert their regular courts. Here we have perhaps a score of winter clubs, whose members use courts in the regimental armories, and in the "Tennis Building" in West Forty-first Street. The armories, to be sure, being State property, are generally restricted to the use of members of the regiments for whose headquarters they are designed to serve; but friends of the members are allowed the privilege of some of the courts, and practise there regularly through the winter. In the Tennis Building, a structure built solely for lawn-tennis and bowling-alleys, the rents are high, and many who would otherwise like to play there are prevented from doing so by the great expense.

Undoubtedly these courts are the best in the city, and during the few hours around mid-day they offer fair opportunities for practice. The light is never the same in-doors, though, as on an out-door court, where the full force of direct sunlight aids the naked eye in following the small balls through their rapid course about the court. It is one matter to watch a tennis-ball closely as it flies about a tennis-court, now on one side of the net, and now on the other, bounding here and there at various angles, with many different twists and curves, and to get the racket in the proper position to drive it back across the net again—it is one thing to do this in the full glare of the sunlight, and another thing to do it in a half-lighted building, where the farthest end of the court is generally lost in gloom and shadow.

One can seldom see distinctly beyond the net, which stands out in sharp contrast against the dark background, and divides the known territory of your own court from the unknown and unseen region beyond into which you have knocked the ball, and from which you expect to see it emerge again very soon. You follow the position of your opponent with your eye as he hurries across the court to return the ball, you see his arm swing, you guess the general direction the ball will take from the angle of his racket and forearm, and you rush to that spot to wait for the ball when it next emerges from the doubtful light at the boundary line of the net, and you try to return it again as best you can. But your attention is all taken up with the ball, and you have no opportunity to lift your eyes to note the changing position of your opponent, who may have followed his play to the net and be waiting there threateningly. You cannot play strategetically, for it takes all your attention to hit the ball, and you have no time to place it or to consider where the best opening lies. This is lawn-tennis "as she is played" in-doors, on all but a notable few of the best-lighted courts.

At night the play is twice as bad. There are few if any shadows, owing to the many lights necessary to see at all, and the polished floor and walls give back a shine which is disconcerting. Distance is hard to judge, and the ball is constantly lost against a background of some polished surface, and discovered again too late to be well returned. Few players know how much the light and background affect play. In a strange court, or in a familiar but strangely lighted court, these conditions are much more important and disconcerting than the sound of the ball or the weight of one's racket.

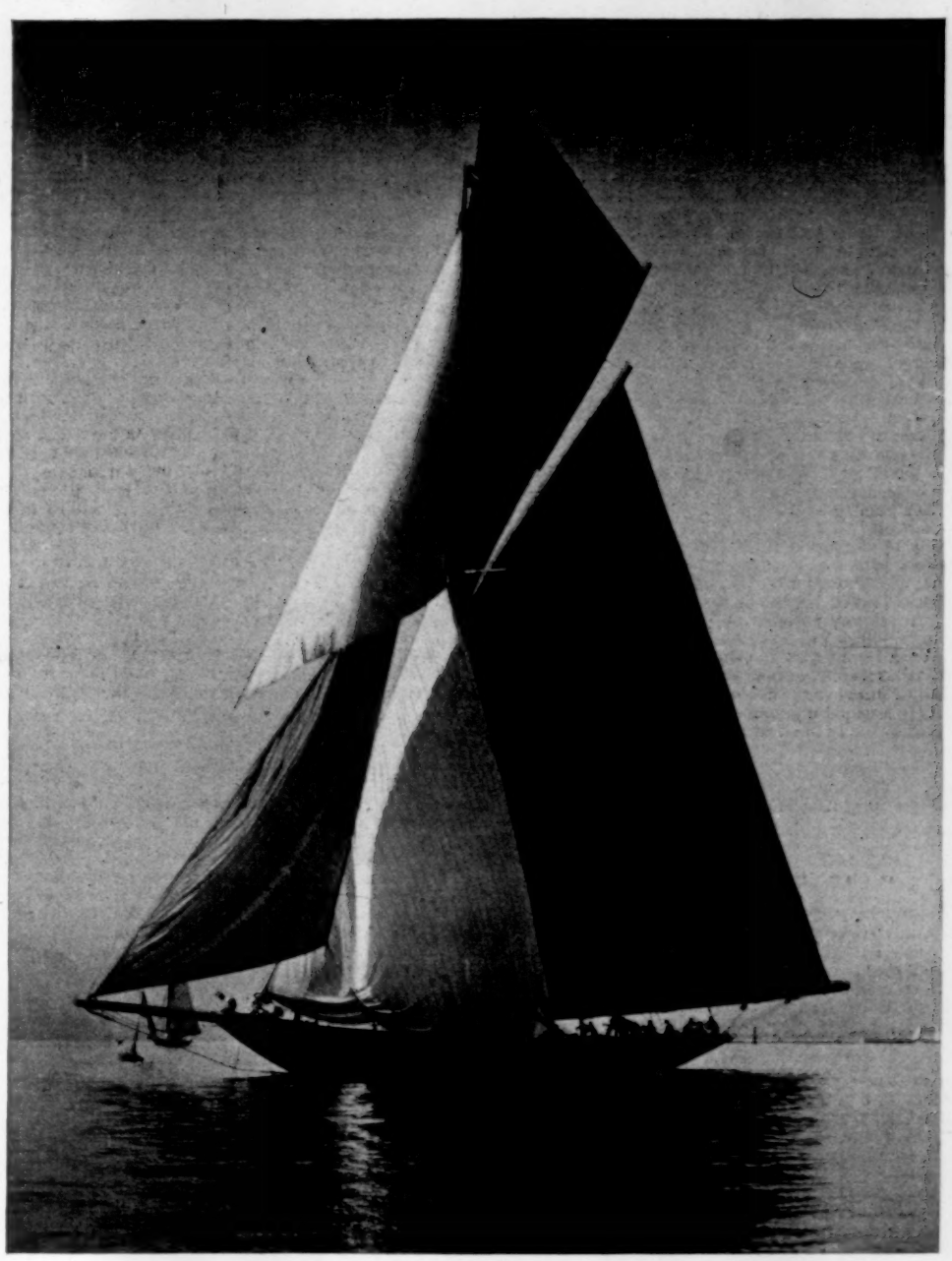
In in-door courts the bound is always puzzling at first, but long after that is mastered the poor light and almost invariably bad background militate heavily against the success of a good out-door player. The courts at the Tennis Building are in charge of a marker, a professional player himself, who has never played on an out-door court in his life, and upon very few in-door ones besides those in his charge. How different the game is with him from what it is with those whose success has been gained upon courts in full daylight is shown by the fact that this man—Mullins by name—has repeatedly beaten amateur experts of high rank in in-door play on his own courts.

The most successful attempt yet made to provide artificial conditions in-doors for winter play is that of the Newton Winter Tennis Club. Some of the tennis enthusiasts who live in the suburbs of Boston formed a club last winter for in-door play, and proceeded to construct a model court at Newton Centre, Massachusetts. A large hall was secured, and all of the windows so shaded that the light was admitted only against a number of great white screens, which diffused and reflected it upon the court. For evening play a series of eight arc-lights is used with a similar arrangement. The actual lamps are behind screens, and their rays are distributed evenly, as in the case of daylight. This is quite strong enough for the purpose, but still has the fault of being "dead." It casts no distinct shadows, and is very deceptive when trying accurately to measure distance.

Another novelty has been introduced in this court to alter the unnatural bound of the balls from polished wooden floors. Dark green canvas is placed on the floor, and upon this is marked in white the boundary lines of the court. This canvas is laced to the edges of the floor and stretched under great pressure, so that it does not "give" under the feet. It affords two distinct advantages over boards—better footing and a better bound to the ball. In all out-door play the ball strikes and rises at once, but upon a board floor it bounds at a very different angle, though fully as fast. The canvas gives the effect of grass or earth, and therefore more natural conditions.

This canvas playing surface has been shown to be thoroughly practicable in every way by tests this winter, and those who have played on the novel court at Newton declare that it is the best yet built for in-door tennis. The canvas can be removed in a few moments and the floor cleared for dancing or any other entertainment. While spectators are accommodated at one side of the building, the ends are kept free. Those who arranged the court were thoughtful enough to line the end walls with some dark covering, so that they afford an excellent background for the white balls.

Yet with all the improvements modern science can suggest for the closest possible imitation of Dame Nature's own conditions, the in-door play was not the success that had been hoped. A big invitation tournament was held



"AILSA."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA.
Owned by A. B. Walker. A possible British Champion in this year's Race for the *America's* Cup.

in the Newton court on Washington's birthday and the following day. Five of the first ten players of the country took part in the matches, and the result was what might have been expected—the home player won. Frederick H. Hovey, who lives in West Newton, and who had had the opportunity of practising on this court for some time before the tournament took place, scored a clean record of four victories, and took first prize. I mention this fact simply to show that the conditions were not natural ones, and that Hobart and Larned, who had been playing in an armory in New York, and Chace and Foote, who had been playing in New Haven, could not compete in a strange court against one who was accustomed to the light, background, and peculiar bound of the ball. Hovey also beat Champion Robert D. Wrenn with ease a few weeks before on this court, and has shown himself to be invincible there. The surroundings of a tennis-court are of the utmost importance to the expert, and an advantage always lies with the home player, who is familiar with the light, background, and other conditions. In an in-door court the surroundings are doubly important, for they not only vary greatly from other in-door courts, but even more greatly from the out-door courts, the general conditions of which are familiar to all.

In-door play, too, is likely to produce seemingly inconsistent results. "In-and-out" form is proverbially attached to lawn-tennis, but it is even more noticeable in covered-court play—that is, on this side of the ocean. Abroad, more covered courts, built for the purpose, are in use, and many more players of skill practise all winter. At Newton, in February, each one of the five contestants, possibly excepting Hovey, showed the most glaring variations in form. At times the play descended almost to "patball," while at others—notably in the matches between Larned and Hobart and Hovey and Larned—it was of a really brilliant order, almost rising to the level of out-door championship play.

The value of in-door play has often been doubted by excellent authorities on the game, and not all, by any means, are in favor of it. The strokes keep the proper muscles hard, and the hands and eyes in form, perhaps, but the different courts vary so much in light and the bound of the ball that one gets used to but one of many unnatural bounces, and does not benefit much by the practice. When the out-door season begins again in the spring we have the new conditions to get used to, and a man who has not touched a racket all winter frequently gets into his best form long before his rival who has been playing in-doors. Without any rest after the long season of out-door play, many men find that they are "stale" when the next season opens if they have played all winter. Many English experts, to be sure, go to the south of France for part of the winter for practice, but the conditions of atmosphere and climate there are so different from those of their English home, where their matches of the next season take place, that the cases are hardly parallel. And then, too, they play out-doors, and do not have the effect of widely different conditions to counteract in the spring.

Some of our American tournament players do continue through the winter, playing in covered courts. Clarence Hobart, for instance, practises regularly in the Seventh Regiment Armory all winter, and it is noticeable that he has seldom shown his top skill at the height of the season, in August. He has generally been at his best in June and July, and has gone off again before the climax was reached at Newport. Ex-Champion R. D. Sears and Dr. James Dwight used to play court-tennis in the winter, and found the sport of some benefit to them for the out-door game the following season, but neither advocated lawn-tennis in-doors as a training for out-door play.

At the Seventh Regiment Armory only members of the military organization and their feminine friends are allowed to use the courts. The play, too, is confined to Saturday afternoons and holidays, when the regimental tennis association has the use of the great drill floor. The light there is, of course, not so good as in the building constructed for the purpose, but is better than that in any of the other armories.

At a number of other armories in New York and Brooklyn lawn-tennis is played. In the Twelfth Regiment's home a number of clubs play weekly all winter. In the Twenty-second Regiment Armory the game has not taken a very strong hold. In Brooklyn most of the in-door tennis is played at the armory of the Twenty-third Regiment, and among its members there used to be some of the best in-door players in the country, as well as many expert out-door players. A number of rinks and other large buildings with extensive level floor space have been tried for lawn-tennis, too, during the last few years, but almost invariably without success.

All of which brings us back to the original proposition, that lawn-tennis is an out-door game, and should only be played in the open air and direct sunlight. Good judges agree that in-door play affords but poor practice for out-door tournaments; and as it is of only doubtful success as an in-door pastime, few regrets will be wasted over the inability to play it more during the winter.

J. Parmly Paret.

THE HARVARD FOOTBALL SITUATION.

Inter-collegiate sports are useful in bringing about a healthy interest in out-of-door exercise, and they act as a proper stimulus to the youths of our country to make the most of the physique which nature has given them.

It may be that at present, especially in football, they have acquired an undue prominence and are associated with many evils. But we live in the age of fads, and what is the rage to-day is forgotten to-morrow. Examine carefully into the so-called evils, and many of them are found to be merely hearsay, or represent simply the murmurs of a crowd without having in themselves a shadow of truth.

It is but natural that some college professors should hold up their hands in horror at the spectacle of an entire community going wild with enthusiasm over a game of football played by young men who are in pursuit of an education. It cannot be wondered at that they doubt the expediency of having their students take part in such exhibitions.

They regard their work as too serious to be interrupted, too important to be slighted by even the chosen few who go forth to battle for their *alma mater*.

The faculties of some institutions see, however, some benefit to be derived from the free advertising of the prowess of their students in the athletic field, and they shut their eyes at the proper moment and fail to listen to either the true or false reports of evils.

It is left for Harvard University, and soon she will be followed by others, to take the proper steps towards placing inter-collegiate contests upon their proper footing and under proper regulations.

Much abused as they have been in the past, the members of the Harvard faculty have at least had the courage of their convictions. Their dicta would have more weight and their influence would be greater if they would never allow themselves to act too hastily and without proper debate. Their recent recommendation to the Athletic Committee that football be abolished was rushed through a meeting when nearly half of their members were absent, and with scarcely any debate. Coming as it did, it was a serious reflection upon the Athletic Committee; for while it was clothed in the form of a recommendation, it stood in the light of a command to a lower body. And such is not the case.

In 1888 the corporation of Harvard University instituted the Athletic Committee, which was to have full control over all athletic matters, subject to the corporation, and influenced, but not directed, by the faculty of arts and sciences.

Should the Harvard faculty insist upon the Athletic Committee taking action according to its views, then a serious blow would be dealt to the machinery of athletic government of the university; for the Athletic Committee, the creation of the corporation, would cease to exist, as no man with any respect for himself would be willing to serve on a committee which acted solely as the speaking-trumpet of another body.

Referring for the moment to the annual reports of the president and treasurer of Harvard College, we find the following somewhat contradictory statements:

President Eliot says that the year 1893–4 wrought only *one* favorable change in the conduct of athletic sports, namely, in methods of training.

Dean Briggs, on the other hand, in writing on the same subject, says: "Last year the monstrous methods of training and coaching for football rendered the low academic records of our football-players less blameworthy than pitiable. *Now that our athletes seem to have abandoned* the policy of fitting a man for a great contest by exhausting his body and torpifying his mind, *it is possible* for a football-player *to study*."

In conclusion he adds: "Slowly and surely the undergraduates are taking a more reasonable and manly view of all college questions in which they are consulted. If we give them the confidence they are *earning*, we may in time rely on a better college public opinion than we have ever known."

Had President Eliot, as was his right, through the corporation, called the attention of the Athletic Committee to what he considered the evils of football as now played, and demanded from it that it either eliminate these evils or else stop all further contests, his remarks would have been dignified and in accord with the high position which he holds. But by giving to the public his own personal opinions under the guise of a report, which is only supposed accurately and truthfully to represent the condition of each and every department, he showed that, great man as he is, he at times forgets that he is but the nominal head of a great institution, the true strength of which lies in having each and every department working in perfect unanimity and for the same end.

The Athletic Committee of Harvard College, recognizing that there is some merit in the game of football, at the same time acknowledging that at present there are many evils connected with it, has asked that the game be allowed to remain for another year in the list of inter-collegiate sports, feeling sure that under proper regulations it is a game that can be played by gentlemen in a gentlemanly manner.

Such being the case, it only remains for the corporation of Harvard University to declare whether it is willing or not to trust a committee of its own creation.

If the corporation should allow this game to continue, a great advance will have been made in the method of dealing with all athletic questions, for the responsibility of correcting the evils of inter-collegiate contests will then rest not in the hands of the undergraduates or graduate experts, but with those who should be and are in authority.

The other colleges can then no longer shirk the responsibility, but must act in accord, or else acknowledge that they do not care to interfere in matters which may or may not be productive of harm.

The effect upon the competing players will quickly be seen. It will no longer be the umpire to whom they are solely responsible for ungentlemanly conduct, for they will know that directly or indirectly they must answer to other authorities, who will insist upon proper methods and upright conduct.

New playing rules may be necessary, but the key-note of the whole football situation to-day lies primarily in the action of the authorities at Harvard, for upon the result there depends the question as to who in the future is going to assume the responsibility of correcting the evils of inter-collegiate contests.

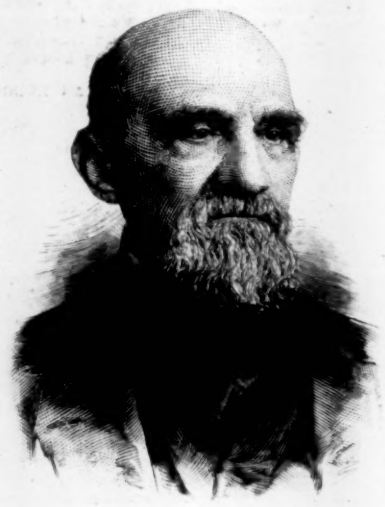
Undergraduates and experts have sufficiently proved their incompetency. It only remains to be seen whether men of maturer judgment, who are uninfluenced by petty college politics, can successfully deal with this problem. If they cannot, then not only football, but also every other inter-collegiate sport, should be abolished.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

No product more representative of the ancient populations of Louisiana—of the creole race, uniting, through many distinguished families of this day, in a Franco-Spanish origin—can be found than the late Charles Gayarré, who, born in New Orleans January 9, 1805, died in that city on February 11, 1895. By descent he traced from both those radical colonial bloods. In the physical man he showed distinctly his Spanish strain, as in his French strain he presented clearly the intellectual man. His birth, thirteen months after the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, made him an American proud of his own personal nationality. And, what is somewhat strange, recalling his aristocratic rearing, he continued an enthusiastic believer in Jeffersonian republicanism from his majority on.

A singular fortune for a man like himself attended Gayarré on the threshold of his career. His first literary venture—an essay in French on the history of Louisiana, which made him spoken of—brought him into political life at the age of twenty-five. From that time his rise in State politics was rapid. Beginning in 1830, with the Legislature, first as Representative, next as Senator, interrupted by a distinguished service, by invitation, in the office of the Attorney-General of the State, and followed by a term, under gubernatorial appointment, as presiding judge of the city court of New Orleans, it ended in 1835 with an unusual personal triumph. This was his election as a "stalwart" Democrat, securing the nomination in a Legislature with a Whig majority, to the Senate of the United States. There is some reason to believe that this high honor was not altogether agreeable to the youthful Senator, then barely of the constitutional age. His health, always feeble, had finally drifted into chronic illness. Hoping to be strengthened to take his seat, he had, under medical advice, gone to Europe some months before the meeting of Congress. From Paris, however, finding his hope vain, he forwarded his resignation to the Governor of Louisiana.

Judge Gayarré hunted health for eight years, finally to find it in a fashion. He returned to Louisiana to be elected to the State Senate for two consecutive sessions. With a tender of the post of Secretary of State by Governor Johnson—in which he served for four years, and for the same period under Johnson's successor—his political life before the civil war ended. During that contest he went with his people, principally residing at his country-seat of "Roncal," among the Tangipahoa pines. In 1873, although in his sixty-sixth year, he resumed public life as the Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the State—a position in which, remaining until 1877, he



THE LATE CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

left, as a legacy to the entire bar of the State, four volumes of reports, models in their legal precision of statement and scholarly English.

It was while in Europe seeking strength that Gayarré was enabled to secure the mass of valuable documents bearing upon the mysterious transfer of dominations in the infant colony on the Mississippi, which were afterwards to serve as the foundation of his most famous work. His *History of Louisiana*, originally published before the civil war, may safely be left with posterity. A monument of deep research, strong grouping, of a diction as copious as it is rich, of vivid presentation of facts not before known and of personages, before his magic touch, disguised in silhouette, it must stand hereafter among our State histories like St. Peter's among churches and the pyramids among tombs.

This is not the place to give more than a list of the published works of the late Judge Gayarré. Of those appearing before 1861 the most important were *The Influence of the Mechanic Arts on the Destinies of the Human Race*, and the *School for Politics*, a brilliant assault, in a dramatic form, upon the chicaneries of politics, of which the author was always an outspoken foe. Of those which appeared at intervals afterwards we find *Doctor Bluff*, a keenly humorous satire on American diplomacy abroad; *Philip II.*, of Spain, a masterpiece in historical characterization; and two semi-historical novels, *Fernando de Lemos*, and its sequel, *Aubert Dubayet*. His last work, *Quevedo*, drawn from the Spanish of D. Manuel Fernandez y Gonsalez, is notable at once for its rare merit as an adaptation, and for its having been, from the first chapter to the finis, not only in the composition, but in the entire transcription, the work of an octogenarian.

I have aimed to present here in the fewest words the life service of the man who has just died. He has passed away at an age which once again makes plain the conserving spell of literary labor. For the last ten years he lived in a dignified retirement, sought alike by admiring friends at home and strangers from outside. For a still shorter space—when advancing years and increasing weakness had kept him too close a prisoner to his room—he used jocularly to christen his home on North Prieur Street "a monastery"—a monastery, however, blessed by a woman as bright as she was devoted; a wife who, sharing worthily his fortune for nearly a half-century, survived to cheer him in his closing years, and to keep him, through the slow disease of his end, patient and brave-hearted.

Both in his political and literary career—to use Bacon's quaint phrase—Charles Gayarré was never other than "homager" to what is best and soundest in literature and politics. He began life with a lofty ideal, to which, through varying weather of sunshine and storm, he kept ever turned as the magnet to the pole.

He died the last of his name. John Dimitry.

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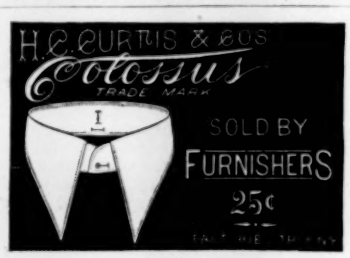

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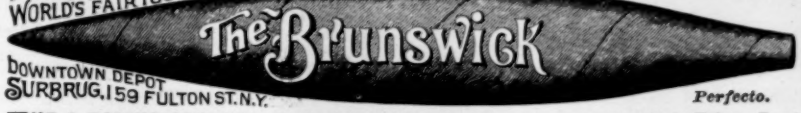

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